

acquired almost overnight fame as a highly successful explorer and the recognition of the Royal Geographical Society in London, not to mention viceregal patronage. A second feat of exploration in 1870 reinforced his status as a celebrity and, after a third successful expedition, the governor gave him six months' leave (over the head of his departmental chief) to visit England. There he mixed in high society, was presented to the Queen and lost no time in acquiring a family coat of arms and motto in Edinburgh, the *sine qua non* as it turned out for his admission to Burke's *Colonial Gentleman* in 1891.

A colonial gentleman

The Glasgow mechanic's son had come far, not perhaps so far as that explorer product of a Welsh workhouse, H. M. Stanley, but far enough to qualify as a colonial gentleman. He was now in a position to reinforce his new status by marriage into one of the most genteel families in the colony. He became Surveyor General in 1883 at thirty-six and, when Western Australia was finally granted responsible government in 1891, the last Australian colony to get it, he asserted his right to be the first premier—a right duly recognized by the governor, his old patron, Sir William Robinson. (Probably his fame as an explorer made the choice irresistible just as later on the Ojibwa ecologist Hubert Opperman pedalled his way into federal politics.) Thus, fortuitously, he achieved the political leadership of Western Australia in the same year as he appeared in *Burke*, where his family origins were romanticized a little and his wife's lineage proudly appended to his own.

Professor Crowley chooses this moment of triumph to end the first long-awaited volume of what, according to some reports, is to be a trilogy. It is hard to believe there are another two volumes in what is left of Forrest's career. Admittedly the next decade was a hectic one for him, the Premier of (thanks to the goldrushes) a rapidly developing colony, and certainly some biographers have been over-precipitate in rushing their subjects out of the scrub of provincial politics into the tall timber of federal affairs. There is also Forrest's contribution to federation to be reckoned with, and he is already certified by J. A. La Nauze as a "founding father" of the constitution. But Forrest's years in federal politics were a good deal less brilliant than Deakin's, an altogether more interesting, intelligent and sensitive person. Forrest may have been for a decade the primadonna of Perth politics, but he cut an altogether less imposing figure in Melbourne—Deakin's aphorism that he was "amiable rather than able" was probably a not altogether unfair description of his final years—in federal parliament, and in 1913 he suffered the ultimate humiliation of failing by virtue of Deakin's own deliberative vote to succeed him as party leader. His last years were marked by an increasing alienation from the working classes his family had risen above. He died in 1918 en route to England to take his seat in the House of Lords as the first Baron Forrest of Bunbury, the first native-born Australian member of that house, in what would have been the apotheosis of his hard-won gentility. He was buried in Sturt's Leane (temporarily), leaving a legacy of his career—neither son nor daughter to inherit his dynasty.

Forrest was a burly, vigorous, conscientious administrator and politician, and has on the whole been well served by his biographers, with whom he shares the successful explorer's virtues of self-discipline, patient plodding and a strong sense of direction, as well as one or two less desirable qualities. In attempting to bring Forrest to life, Professor Crowley was severely handicapped by the paucity of extant personal correspondence (though he might have looked harder for it among Forrest's English correspondents) and to have idealized his subject. All the same, though his is a highly worthwhile study of what has been

virtually *terra incognita*, one feels that he has not quite got Forrest's full measure. On page 270 he describes Forrest's greatest practical weaknesses as an occasional lack of political tact and "a tendency to bore his companions or audiences with repetitious accounts of the public services which he had rendered to the community at large." But these were only symptoms of the central fact—Forrest's overweening ambition and pride—and though these are by no means ignored one would have welcomed a more careful analysis of his political motivation. What proportion vanity and love of place? What proportion a keen sense of public service? Perhaps the components will emerge more clearly in the next volume.

Professor Crowley also sees Forrest as always thinking he knew best for his audiences—the hallmark of the paternalist—and tending "to view politics in much the same way as he had for so long surveyed the Australian bush from horseback or from an elevated trig station." Forrest certainly gave the impression of looking down, from saddle height, on the electorate, even if he was careful not to sound too condescending (the one unforgivable insult to Australian voters then as now). But Forrest is spared a really critical appraisal of his achievements. The 1870 expedition across the south side of the Nullarbor Plain only accomplished more carefully and cumbersomely what Eyre and an Aboriginal had done on foot thirty years earlier, and his wisdom in embarking on the 1874 expedition with horses instead of waiting until he could obtain camels is highly questionable. Likewise, in the face of his own hard experience and the accumulated evidence of Giles, Gosse and Warburton, his stubborn and implausible optimism about the existence of fertile inland pastures. Finally, though he may have been innocent of conscious impropriety, it was surely poor judgment on his part to invest in land while he was in the survey department.

The truth seems to be that, though Professor Crowley is justified in emphasizing his virtues as explorer, administrator and politician, his shortcomings deserve close consideration. There was, too, an ungraciousness about Forrest, evident in his dealings with the explorer Giles and the governor, Croome, which is hardly endearing and contrasts vividly with their much more generous praise of him, and one needs the perspective of eastern Australian politics to appreciate just how conservative Western Australia and Forrest really were in 1891. Still, his efforts to establish a yeomanry or "bold peasantry" with the help of American-style homestead legislation show positively that he did display some of the political benevolence associated rightly or wrongly with an English gentleman. This is not inconsistent with Professor La Nauze's verdict that "he was, as nearly as could be in Australia, a Tory".

That Forrest was influenced by British models of political behaviour is hardly surprising given his always ardent love of the mother country—"home" to him even before he had ever been there. Not only did he declare that "our aim should be to make Australia another British nation," but also he believed British naval protection permanently indispensable. This was a view which Forrest shared with most Australians of his generation, not merely fellow Australian gentlemen.

Granted Deakin's invitation to the American fleet in 1908 does indicate that even then some Australians were anxious to hedge their bets a little in the face of the alleged "Yellow Peril"; but certainly Forrest's assumptions about the imperial connexion would have been shared by another general Australian family of the period—the Caseys.

Unlike Forrest, Richard Casey was no *aristocrate*. As he related in *Australian Father and Son*, the Caseys were anxious to hedge their bets a little in the face of the alleged "Yellow Peril"; but certainly Forrest's assumptions about the imperial connexion would have been shared by another general Australian family of the period—the Caseys.

respectable Brisbane merchant and shipowner (shortly before the latter went bankrupt, but that is a detail). It was probably only bad luck that left the Caseys out of Burke's *Colonial Gentleman*. Just as the Forrester had forsaken the Kirk for the Episcopalians, the Caseys had early on jettisoned their Roman Catholicism in favour of the Church of England. Casey, in other words, was a gentleman from birth and was educated at Melbourne Grammar School, Melbourne University and Cambridge. Like other wealthy pastoralists' sons, when war broke out in 1914 he was given a commission after donating his limousine to the army—the "automobile corps".

Although trained as an engineer Casey was well enough off to devote most of his time to public life with an almost patrician panache. He was never an ostentatious speaker nor a particularly dynamic party politician. Rather he displayed a well-bred diffidence about outright political ambition, which in the end deprived him of the prime ministership. It has also left his public image (by contrast with more colourful colleagues like R. G. Menzies and Arthur Fadden) rather grey. That remained the case even after Tom Hayden's recent ABC television film about a career which included an important spell as governor of Bengal (1944-46) and nine years as Minister for External Affairs, as well as a life peerage in 1960 (shades of Forrest) and autumnal years as governor-general of Australia (1965-69).

For Britain and America

The diaries, edited here by T. B. Millar, cover the years 1951-60 when Casey was in effect Australian Foreign Minister—and for a longer innings than any of his predecessors or successors. The work of a meticulous diarist (who apparently always wrote up his journal the same day) they comprise a highly significant contribution to the understanding of Australian foreign policy in the 1950s—and to our appreciation of the person responsible for this policy. What emerges very clearly is the zest, the careful delight, Casey took in tirelessly travelling the world in the interests of his country and its allies. He himself calculates that he spent a quarter of his time abroad. The diaries reveal a highly refined talent for persistent, behind-the-scenes negotiation—something he had learnt in the 1920s when he was Australian liaison officer in the British Cabinet Office. Though infinitely more sophisticated and good humoured than Forrest, he, like that gentleman, was probably happiest of all mixing in London political society where over the years he built up an old-boy network of almost labyrinthine proportions. And he was obviously delighted to be mistaken for Anthony Eden by a maid at the Waldorf-Astoria in 1952.

"There is no prouder word than 'British' in the world's vocabulary," he told his diary in 1959, "nor do I believe there ever has been." But since the fall of Singapore it was no longer possible to rely on British naval or military protection, and Casey, who had been Australian Minister in the United States early in the war, seems to have enjoyed Washington almost as much as Westminster. Indeed, his diaries suggest not political schizophrenia, but positive pleasure in the co-existence of two allies to cultivate and even act as go-between for. Anzus had already been negotiated by the time he took office, and he does not comment directly on the argument of the former secretary of the External Affairs Department, John Burton, that the price Australia paid for the treaty included recognition of Communist China. Burton's successor, Sir Alan Watt, pooh-poohed the idea in *The Evolution of Australian Foreign Policy*, but Casey's diaries reveal that he was favourable to the idea of China joining the United Nations as early as 1951 and, though he backed the British line in June, 1954, in September of that year he was telling *Time* Life International executives that he would be in the general interest to recognize Peking and get her into the United Nations. But there is

little evidence in the diaries that he persevered energetically with the task of converting the Americans, and one is left still wondering exactly what had been agreed at the signing of Anzus. (The memoirs of Casey's predecessor, Sir Percy Spender, did little to illuminate this, but the forthcoming memoirs of Sir Alan Watt may do so.)

One has the impression, too, that Dulles managed to dazzle or at least browbeat Casey, perhaps one of the few men to do so. And the diaries do not show how seriously or how soon Casey became infected with the anti-communist hysteria of the early 1950s. When Menzies introduced the anti-communist constitutional amendment bill in 1951, the only diary comment is: "There is no doubt that a democracy has to take unorthodox measures to defend itself against an enemy within its shores. A democracy tends to bog down in the toils of its own free institutions." Whether this was really all he had to say about one of the most repressive political measures in Australian history one cannot say, for the editor rarely reveals what he has omitted or where, although the original diary, we are told, totalled a million words.

Evidently Casey quickly came to believe that China was the most serious menace to the north of Australia, and he was no doubt justified in deploring Australian apathy about defence. But the query "And who is about to attack us?" which he quotes as evidence of this isolationism, seems, in the less torrid 1970s, a fair one. Though he took considerable pride in the development of Australian diplomatic initiative in Asia during the 1950s it is probably still true, as he thought it was in 1952, that "we, in Australia, are living in a fool's paradise of ignorance about the East". His actions were inhibited in any case by his belief that Australia "could not afford to disagree publicly with the Americans"—in contrast to the Canadians' relative casualness about doing so.

It is arguable, in fact, that Casey's policy of discreet dual solidarity with both the United States and the United Kingdom was not very effective on either side of the Atlantic. In June, 1954, he wrote:

there is appreciable advantage in Australia being poised rather delicately between the U.S. and the U.K. in respect of international affairs. By keeping ourselves so placed, we are in a position to exercise some influence on each.

But how much? In the case of Britain, though he felt "We must be careful to see that our closer association with the United States does not drift into less close and confident relations with Britain", that is precisely what happened. British pride had understandably been hurt by her outright exclusion from Anzus, and Seato hardly made good the damage. During the Suez crisis, despite a hectic round of Whitehall, Casey found himself almost as to-

tally excluded from British military planning as the Americans— a humiliating blow to the policy he had pursued for nearly half a century of intimate contacts. Later his objections did not deter Britain from selling Gannet aircraft to the Indonesians. "In the light of the recent Suez affair," he confided in 1957, "it may have been a good thing that the U.K. is not in Anzus; but even before Suez that had probably become the view of the British government."

Nor does Casey seem to have been much more influential in Washington. True, he had loyally toured Asia delivering what he called "my Sermon on the Mount"—a eulogy of American policy in the region—and his suggestions occasionally Australian influence in matters of detail. But what is more obvious is the dire straits Australia ran of being dragged by the heels of her American ally into war with China over the offshore islands, and the United States abandonment of the Australian line on West Irian (though it took place after Casey left office) showed the severe limitations of all those hours spent in humouring Dulles and Acheson. In retrospect Dr Burton's dire predictions about the effects of Anzus do not seem utter exaggerations.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, despite the Colombo Plan, that Asians were not overly impressed by Australian foreign policy in the 1950s. Casey himself confessed under pressure to a West Bengal politician in 1953 that "probably the basic conception" of the Colombo Plan "was to help keep India, etc. from Communism", and the notion of using South-East Asia, whether Malaya or Vietnam, as a conveniently distant battlefield for Australian "forward defence" against the same communist menace clearly smacked strongly of narrow self-interest too. Nor does Casey seem to have been anxious to liberalize what Asians understandably regard as a racist immigration policy. In 1972, despite or because of the Australian Leader of the Opposition's visit to China, Australia has still not established formal diplomatic relations with her largest neighbour, and did not vote for Chinese admission to the United Nations. Apparently the Australian government will be content to continue to trail at a safe distance behind Washington in that or any other direction.

Australian Foreign Minister is a fascinating source of contemporary history in which Casey's private impressions of many politicians around the world are distilled. More than his previous publications it should establish his real achievement as a clever and conscientious negotiator, but strictly it does not add up to a success-story. In Casey Australia had the benefit of an outstanding example of her anglicized gentry in politics: the 1970s will demand virtues of another kind.

War story

G. DEBORIN:
Secrets of the Second World War
277pp. Moscow: Progress Publishers.
Distributed by Central Books. £1.

The Soviet view of the Second World War is little appreciated in the West. Behind the pointlessly sensational title of this work, G. Debordin presents an orderly and orthodox analysis of the origins and course of the war. The stress is, of course, on the achievements of the Red Army, which were indeed decisive in Europe. But the depreciation of Western contributions borders on absurdity. Two quotations will suffice to gauge the flavour of the book. Writing of the Battle of Britain, Mr Debordin says that "the Soviet Union saved England from invasion by just existing and strengthening its forces". Of the end of the war he writes that "the Soviet entry into the war against Japan was prompted by a vital and objective necessity", while the American imperialists were "trying their hand at atomic blackmail".

Such distortions should not be allowed to distract attention from some of the book's merits. It is well documented, though it reveals few secrets. The sources are chiefly Soviet documents, not all of which will be well known in the West. Mr Debordin claims to refute, for instance, the Western allegation that in 1944 the Soviet high command abandoned the Warsaw rising to "flee" but it should be noted that the material help which he reports began only after the start of the fighting. Western sources are sparingly used, chiefly in cases where they serve to discredit Western leaders and policies. For the peoples of the imperious East, on the other hand, Mr Debordin has warm sympathy and admiration.

His book deserves study, if only to observe how wide is still the gap between Marxist and liberal conceptions of history. Its production is excellent, its translation meticulous, and its price remarkably low.

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MEMOIRS

Sense and sensibility

The Memoirs of Lord Gladwyn
Ed. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

It is perhaps not entirely by chance that Lord Gladwyn's definition of a diplomat is "a professional diplomat who is remarkably like a description of his own many-splendoured personality".

A well informed, agreeable and socially well connected character, with a profound knowledge of his fellow man and a certain naught of cunning, who knows exactly when to slip a word in edge-work that will influence the mind either of his own chief or of the foreigner with whom he is negotiating.

Add to that a confident mastery of foreign languages, a mordant wit and a tranquil consciousness of one's own superiority and you have the archetypal Elton and Magdalen diplomat. You have, in fact, Lord Gladwyn.

His Memoirs will not please everyone—indeed it is possible without much difficulty to think of many whose blood pressure will rise to new and spectacular levels of hypertension as the saga unfolds. Lord Gladwyn does not often resist the temptation to say I told you so—four words which have lost more friends than Lifebuoy soap has saved.

To those, on the other hand, who find the patrician style endearing, the Memoirs will give great pleasure and occasionally a delight not untinted by malice. They are, unlike much of the current torrent of diplomatic and political reminiscence, urbane and civilized, the recollections of a

man of sense and sensibility, who delighted as much in a quotation from Camille, as he did in a well-timed minute of a successful negotiating coup; a man who chose Paris as his first overseas post having been offered Washington, the plan of the Diplomatic Corps; a man whose facility for languages is prodigious—a gift which leads him sometimes into that harmless but contrived affectation of the Foreign Service—the intrusive Gallicism. Most of Lord Gladwyn's readers will know what he means by *dedicare, courier, and marmoset*; but dedication, post and chestnut tree would have described these things with equal precision. His wit ranges from the faintly Rabelaisian to the delicately ironic; yet at times he can seem surprisingly resistant to the humour of others. Describing a banquet with the Russians at the Beau Rivage Hotel in Geneva, he relates how he invited Molotov's attention to the candles in the priceless candelabra. To his disgust Molotov's only comment was "In Moscow, we have electric light."

For the student of politics and diplomacy there is much of absorbing interest. His relationship with General de Gaulle was obviously close and affectionate and his advice to the Government after a long meeting with the French President in September, 1964 displays an impressive insight into the complex *Gaulliste* psychology. It is not inconceivable that this was due in some measure to what Lord Gladwyn describes as de Gaulle's contempt of any opposition, and a certain natural arrogance. "I was," he observes, "really rather fond of him."

Even more interesting than the great figures of recent history who appear, often as familiar acquaintances, in Lord Gladwyn's Memoirs—Bevin, Churchill, Monnet, Spaak—are his views on the principles and techniques of foreign policy-making and diplomacy. He makes an interesting, and surely important, distinction between "adviser," and "operator" in the Foreign Service. Advisers are those who chiefly seek to influence their masters by the exer-

cise of the written word, men like Sir Byre Cleave whose memorandum on the principles of British foreign policy did so much, in Lord Gladwyn's view, to influence the Government immediately before the First World War.

Operators are the tough, sensible men of the world, the *entrepreneurs* who need not have any fixed political principles and who indeed are likely to operate more successfully if they have none. In this category Lord Gladwyn places Lord Tyrrell, who hardly ever recorded his views on paper, and, among his own contemporaries, Christopher Soames. In principle, he concludes, operators ought to be in the field and advisers in the Office—an arrangement which, followed to its logical end, would require the Service to revert to the original division, before its unification after the First World War, between the Foreign Office "grubs" and the Diplomatic "butterflies".

For Prime Ministers too, and perhaps for Presidents, Lord Gladwyn has some cogent advice. Describing the conflict between the Foreign Office and 10 Downing Street over British policy towards Germany at the time of Munich, he comments on the role of Horace Wilson and concludes:

What cannot be justified is the installation in Munich of a small machine which acts completely independently of, and quite often at variance with, the official machine, including its representative in the Cabinet. . . . A Prime Minister running Foreign Policy through the medium of an *influence grise* is a recipe for disaster.

There is, as one might expect, a great deal about the European idea—almost all of it perceptive and far-sighted; Lord Gladwyn has, understandably, been confirmed in the validity and rectitude of his position by two unsolicited but priceless tributes—one from the *Sunday Express* which proclaimed him Public Enemy Number One; and one from Enoch Powell who cancelled a luncheon appointment at the last moment on the grounds explained by his secretary on the telephone that Mr Powell "could no longer afford to be seen with Lord Gladwyn in public". After all those years of iconoclasm, respectability at last.



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Doing things to the body

JAMES C. FARIS:
Nuba Personal Art
130pp including 52 black-and-white plates plus 28 colour plates. £4.95.

ANDREW AND MARILYN STRATHERN:
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208pp including 84 black-and-white plates plus 31 colour plates. £4.50.

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House Decoration in Nubia
227pp including 90 black-and-white plates plus 21 colour plates. £5.95.
Duckworth.

"Primitive art" usually brings to mind certain types of art objects, such as statues, masks, wall-paintings. But writers on the subject have almost totally neglected another important art-form among "primitive" peoples: personal decoration. It is a real breakthrough therefore to have two detailed studies of this neglected medium: one on self-decoration by the Nuba (Sudan) and another of self-decoration in Mount Hagen (New Guinea). Two more diverse societies and concepts of self-decoration could hardly be found, as even a superficial look at the photographs in both volumes will confirm.

The Nuba have a superb aesthetic sense. They paint the bare body, which is shaved and oiled, and they use a minimum of other decorations. Their colours are restricted to black, white, grey, yellow and red ochre, with a rare touch of blue. The colours are derived from clays. The purpose of the painting is not ritual or symbolic, but purely aesthetic. The Nuba value a beautiful and healthy body, and the painting is used to display it. People with sores or malformed limbs will not paint themselves and will hide their imperfections with clothing. Although some of the total body designs may represent animals, the designs are almost always totally abstract, and James C. Faris explains that the animal motifs are chosen arbitrarily and have no magical or totemic significance. Nuba design is striking for its absolute purity, its restraint and its balance, its respect for the shapes of the human body. The Nuba are enthusiastic decorators; they repaint their bodies daily, and some young men will paint themselves twice a day.

The immediate impression given by the decorations of the people of Mount Hagen is a very different one. Here the body is not displayed but disguised. Face and body painting form only part of an elaborate process of decoration which involves such diverse elements as wigs, feather decorations, shell decorations and string capes. On important occasions the body is heavily covered with complex arrangements of such decorations, with the result that the identity of the wearer is virtually disguised. For the Western observer these decorations seem other-worldly, but we learn from Andrew and Marilyn Strathern that their significance is in fact social rather than religious. The Hagens use much brighter colours than the Nuba and make use of stronger contrasts.

Mr Faris reports that the colour symbolism found in certain parts of Central Africa is absent among the Nuba. The Hagens on the other hand make important distinctions between *brighi* and *dark* designs. Bright colours are worn to attract the opposite sex, to attract wealth, or to express a feeling of well-being (for example, when a warrior has accomplished a feat of "pay back"). White is worn by performers in the female spirit cult, wearers being instructed by ritual experts on such occasions. The use of black suggests poison and animosity and aggressiveness. It is used to make a man look bigger and more frightening, and it is used when going to war. Darkness as an overall effect of decoration is considered good for a man, because it suggests that his ancestors have come to support him.

The aesthetic rather than symbolic value of colours in Nuba thinking is highlighted by their colour terminology. In trying to elicit colour definitions from the Nuba Mr Faris was often given terms describing textures or degrees of brightness rather than colour in our sense. Water, for example, is not described by the colour it reflects but by its brilliance. The colour of a dry leaf was described as "crisp" and "hardened". The colour of a black bull with a white mark on its forehead was described as "lightening".

The Hagens use colours and other decorations not to submerge the personality but rather to enhance it. This is not representational art, like

a mask. The aim of decoration is not "impersonation of some other identity, but the aggrandizement of the wearer's own".

The decorations attribute to the wearer an emotional state felt to be appropriate in a certain role. Donors decorate themselves lavishly, because they are supposed to be triumphant in celebrating success. Warriors cover themselves with dark charcoal to make themselves terrifying and to increase their aggressive confidence.

These two books open up a whole range of aesthetic experience. The work done by the authors is particularly important because of the ephemeral nature of the art, and because social and political pressures are likely to bring such art forms to a sudden end. Both volumes are scholarly, highly informative and beautifully produced. There is, however, one criticism to make. Though they appear in a series entitled "Art and Society", neither volume really succeeds in conveying the atmosphere of these societies for the vast majority of their readers who have never had the opportunity to be near them. It would be easier to appreciate the body designs if we were given some impression of what a Hagen pig feast is really like, or of the atmosphere of a Nuba wrestling match. Such descriptive writing is always eschewed by anthropologists, presumably as unscientific, but unless anthropologists are prepared occasionally to adopt such an approach they will continue to write for a closed professional circle.

Marian Wenzel's contribution to the same series describes an art form that has never been studied before and can never be studied again. For the houses whose decorations form the subject-matter of *House Decoration in Nubia* were largely destroyed by the flooding of the Aswan Dam in 1964.

Looking at the sophisticated, complex and varied patterns of house decoration in these photographs, one would assume an art form evolved over many centuries. However, Miss Wenzel gives us the surprising information that this style of house decoration began only in the 1920s and that it has not been continued after the people had been resettled.

The Nubians are a non-Arab, partly negroid people. Nubia was Christianized in the sixth century and remained Christian for 800 years. Although the Nubians have been Islamized for some five hundred years, the taste for representational art acquired in Christian times survived, and some decorations appear even to have ancient Christian roots.

The system of house decoration here described consists of mud relief applied to the walls, particularly around the doorways. These ornaments came into general use about 1927, but other kinds of house decoration existed earlier. These were mainly of objects hung upon the walls in decorative patterns. For example, mats and basket lids used during a wedding; bowls suspended on strings from the ceiling to keep out insects; and various objects to keep away the evil eye.

Before professional artists were employed to decorate houses in mud relief this was a family art form. Men, women and boys all participated, but each group tended to specialize in different motifs. Men painted flags, stars, crescents, umbrellas, boats and pin-up girls. Boys painted domestic animals and scenes from everyday life. Women painted wild animals and fish.

The technique of mud relief decoration is said to have been invented by one man, Ahmad Batoul, though two other decorators have also claimed that they invented the style. Batoul held an insignificant job as a builder's assistant, whose task was to smooth the surface of a new, built house.

The decorations are immensely lavish. Though Islamic in character and mostly abstract, they include a number of figurative motifs, mainly lions with swords, birds, crocodiles and occasionally hunters. One of the most intriguing recurring motifs consists of a dome, flanked by horns and superseded by a crescent on a staff. The author traces this back to the crown of the Christian Eparch of Nubia, and even further back to ancient Egyptian symbols.

which Professor Irwin concisely outlines, was less of a paradox in Italy than it would have been elsewhere.

These are more the notes of an avid reader. One wants continually to argue with Professor Irwin, since his introduction, more popular than authoritative, is in the highest degree provocative. There is something curiously neo-classic about it. Winckelmann himself had a strong wit and a formidable sense of written style. While he speaks of rules and methods he is ridiculous, and he can even talk of "erroneous conceptions of beauty" with the flat dogmatism of a second-rate schoolmaster. But there are excellent sentences: "It is an abhorrence of barrenness that fills walls and rooms; and pictures void of thought must supply the vacuum"; "Art has surely had its vicissitudes and its Aratus"; "It was in his own mind the artist was to search for the strength of spirit with which he marked his marble." It will be seen that with this theorist neo-classicism and the core of romanticism are one, and this is part of Winckelmann's importance. If nothing else he was a sensitive and articulate connoisseur of his time. His taste was not original, his range was not vast, his intellectual level was that of a television personality.

One ought not to take him too seriously except as typical, just as one should not necessarily be misled by the weighty and epigrammatic judgments of Gibbon. Winckelmann can be impressive and foolish into the same sentence.

Arts have their infancy as well as men; they begin as well as the artist, with froth and bombast: in such bustles the muse of Aeschylus stalks, and part of the diction in his Agamemnon is not bounded with hyperbole than all Hesiod's nonsense. Perhaps the primitive Greek painters drew in the same manner that their first grand tragedian thought in.

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Sporting life

PER OLOV ENQUIST:

Sekunden

270pp. Stockholm: Norstedts.
Kr 47.50.

Per Olov Enquist's *Sekunden* (The Seconds) is a novel about sport. The story is told by Christian who served as a second to his father, a moderately successful amateur boxer and later, when already approaching middle age, a remarkable hammer thrower. He is really too short for it, square and stocky like a chopping block, but by improving his technique of turning around in the ring he produces ever better results and rises into the elite. This is where he begins to cheat, by presenting one hammer at the weighing control, and using another, a few pounds lighter, in the ring. At the point where he is coming very close to the world championship he is exposed, and disqualified for life. Exit the champion and his son. The family changes its name and moves to another place. Twenty years later, when his father is dead, Christian recapitulates the story, trying to understand what led up to the catastrophe. He seeks an answer to the question which his father kept repeating sadly: "If only I knew why I did it, can you tell me why?"

Enquist's knowledge of the sporting world is apparently unlimited. He describes with great suggestive power an athlete's existence, how he strives through the years to improve his results, observing the reactions of his body and judging carefully its possibilities. What a reader who was never an athlete himself lacks in all this is competition experienced as fellowship and sensuous joy. Sport, as it is depicted in *Sekunden*, is a discipline not unlike an ascetic's. The goals striven for are utterly ingenuous, a split second or half an inch which simply cannot be perceived by the human eye. The champions are hunting for an abstraction which can be registered only by instruments. They are caught in a ceremony, performing a rite without knowing why they are doing it. The real meaning of that rite, Enquist tells us, can be understood only in terms of the society in which it is performed.

The father is a worker's son. He joins the Workers' Alliance of Sports, and takes part in attempts to organize a demonstration against the national competition between Sweden and Nazi Germany in 1934. Still, he is unpolitical at heart, and forgets the political implications for the top results. He is fundamentally a man of loyalty, whatever his team or his employer. When during the Second World War he serves as warden in an internment camp for communists and encounters former friends who are being kept there, he is totally surprised by their contempt for him. It is Christian's belief that he was driven to his fraud not by personal ambition but by a perverted loyalty to the demands of the public: great

competitions require great results, as he himself puts it. Enquist succeeds in making this interpretation quite convincing. His hammer-throwing hero is a man who fails not tragically, just painfully, seduced by forces which he did not see through and condemned by the very same people whose demands had seduced him.

It is pointed out, not without reason, that so-called unpolitical sport serves and supports the existing society, whatever its character. In this sense, there is less difference than we would like to think between Nazi Germany and a Western democracy. The goal proclaimed is the same: health, joy, fellowship. During his travels in Eastern Germany, Christian is attracted by the view of physical education held by Walter Ulbricht and, still more temptingly, by a woman sports leader with whom he has an affair. He ends up, however, in a state of uncertainty. This is characteristic of Enquist as we know him from his previous novel, *The Legions*. His analysis leads up to no definite political conclusion. He is profoundly sceptical of the society in which he lives, but he is too much of a liberal at heart (if not in theory) to take a stand against it. His criticism stems from a mood of hesitancy, irony, not anger, sets the tone of his story.

Christian's father is a man without irony, unable to see through the complexities and ambiguities of his career. There is a childlike quality of enthusiasm and open-eyed wonder in him, but he shows tact and finesse in his relations with other people. We understand why Christian sees him in his dreams as the friendly father who gave him advice about his training, but who at the same time is his son, asking Christian for an explanation and for consolation. There is also the mother, a woman of ardent piety, who keeps hoping that her husband will return to religion and her son not give it up. When father and son pedal their bicycles through the rain to the church she is very happy until she finds that they discuss the number of minutes they took either way; considering the rain and the road, it was a good training trip.

In the end she loses her faith, abruptly. She dies with a sense of futility, and quite alone. There is genuine affection between the three members of the family, but little ability to communicate and share emotions. The parents become increasingly lonely, the son leaves home. But the memories remain, with him and he keeps trying to understand them and to integrate them in his adult experience. The family story, told with tenderness and subtlety, is the centre of the book, transforming it from reportage and social analysis into a novel of many dimensions. With it, Per Olov Enquist has secured his position as one of the best Swedish writers of his generation.

Sinister slices

ANGELA CARTER:

The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman
285pp. Hart-Davis. £1.95.

A prosperous South American city, impregnated by the reality-modifying machines of suave Doctor Hoffman until it pululates with Hegel-quoting pigeons, clock-faces overgrown with honeysuckle, mantra-chanting cyrtids, naked ladies with fin-de-siècle coiffures prancing under their parasols through the railway station.

A deserted seaside village peopled only by the blind, professorial proprietor of the Seven Wonders of the World peep-show. Peepshows of tropical forests where tawny birds burst out of ripe persimmons; of vanilla ice cream breasts with cherry nipples; of headless torsos, and bodiless heads. A country mansion choked with climbing roses, echoing with Debussy, foxes tumbling on the lawn in the moonlight. A boatload of painted, fish-eating Amerindians whose language can only be transcribed in musical notation. A travelling freak show: Madame la Barbe the Bearded Lady, Mamie Buckshot the Lesbian sharpshooter, the Alligator Man from the Spanish moss of a Louisiana bayou, and the nine Moroccan acrobats who juggle with their severed heads, limbs and eyes. A Lithuanian Count, diabolic,

skeletal, priapic, travelling from Pompeii to Belzen to Nagasaki in search of his own pain. The House of Anonymity, bordello furnished with live animals and staffed by caged wax models. A welcoming cannibal village where the stools are of painted and feathered human bones; a forest of stinging pain trees, fish-scaled bushes, nipped cacti full of milk. A kingdom of austere tattooed centaurs dedicated to singing, ritual, fasting, and worship of the Sacred Stallion. And lastly the Wagnerian castle of Doctor Hoffman himself, beyond a bottomless chasm, encircled by transmitters and fertile apple trees. Upstairs, the embalmed corpse of his Chinese wife; underground, the laboratories where a hundred couples copulate incessantly in wire cages to produce the erotic-energy fuelling his reality-modifying machines.

And wait: Doctor Hoffman also has ways of making you think. In fact this picaresque scenario is not the self-indulgent confusion that so often passes for psychedelic fantasy: it is a tightly plotted metaphysical novel, prefaced rather grandly by bits of Wittgenstein and Jarry and with a firm bone structure under the rich metaphorical flesh. Doctor Hoffman and his adversary (or twin) the Minister, who is fighting Hoffman's invasion of hallucina-

tion and metamorphosis in the name of plain reality, represent respectively the extremes of pure fantasy and pure logic at the point where they meet. Both are bloodless, spite of their achievements; and between the two opponents, Desire (Desire), the "I" of the story and simultaneously emissary of Ministerial reason and pursuer of fantasy's lovely child, chases him and when she is ready for him at last, kills her. Beneath the ferocious and cerebral eroticism it is a parable of non-consummation, an ontological fable of insatiability.

Neither fantasy nor metaphysics would be viable without the pure and precise writing that fleshes them out. Sade, Swift, Genet, Bram Stoker, Defoe, Lewis Carroll and many more may have flavoured the result is the author's own. The long set-pieces, in particular the life of the South American Rince, People and the country of the Rince, are as workmanlike as witless, but considerably more elegant and evocative. Not a detail is neglected nor a sentence left clumsy. Well made shapely stuff, beneath the phosphorescent glow, and with more for the mind and senses than many slices of so-called life.

everything, animate and inanimate, appears to be either sodomizing, sodomized, ejaculating or bleeding. Burroughs's characters get through more vaccine than a dozen antenatal clinics and spend more time throbbing than a machine-shop full of lathes. The fantasies slither between repetitive homosexual encounters, described, always, in minute, rosy detail, and rather more bizarre imaginings, as when we are ushered into some kind of tumescence garden where grow vast vegetable phalluses "a tree of smooth red buttocks" and "a human body with vines growing through the flesh like veins". Characters flail through the garden in a frenzy of pierced orifices, trailing the bemused tender in their wake. After the battering of the buttock tree, it's something of a surprise to realize that the "redheaded woodpecker drumming on a persimmon tree" a few pages later is neither phallic nor engaged in some kind of arboreal sexual callisthenics.

All in all, the cut-ups, producing what are by now rather stale kaleidoscopic passages, do little to produce a tenable link between the homosexual grotesqueries and gleeful butchery. It would be a relief to find some kind of purpose in it all, but

it is going to take more than an occasional sentence like "The atom bomb explodes over Hiroshima spreading radioactive particles" to make it apparent that Mr. Burroughs's intentions are didactic or reformative, if clandestine. Indeed, assuming that Mr. Burroughs has a point to make at all, one is left wondering how many close-ups of sodomy and masturbation will be needed to make it obvious. It would not, of course, be inaccurate to speak about "horrible visions" or "nightmare journeys", the reader squelches through them on nearly every page: quite what positive qualities they possess apart from assuring confirmed heterosexuals that they are not missing a thing by slaying that way is another matter.

Having said that, it is necessary to add the rider that the book is too pornographic: the sodomy is too mechanically similar for that, and the garden of tuberos organs altogether too literary. On the other hand, it is only by an effort of will that *The Wild Boys* can be taken to be holding a distorting mirror up to the horrors of our time, or to be offering, by implication, cautionary prophecies for the future. If Mr. Burroughs's intentions are that laudatory, he ought to make us believe them.

deputy, and their reactions to his nihilism. Warned of a bomb attack years later, he remains sitting in his chair, totally indifferent to what he considers an inexplicable theatrical performance.

Madness is disturbing less for its intellectual implications than because it disturbs or threatens the same person's emotional equilibrium. The saintly nun who feels an uncontrollable need to blaspheme, and the innocent girl who is convinced that her uncle pays her night-time visits with the connivance of her father, and goes on to elaborate fantasies about children playing sexual games with Christ on the cross, are examples of how the daily hypocrisy and aggressiveness of society claim victims by opening up a crevasse between knowledge and longing. Repression of intellect and of emotional development often opens the same cause and yield the same result: obsessive, violent concentration on what is forbidden, until the intellect resigns or goes on strike.

After lights-out

ROBERT MERLE:

Le Cercle
200pp. Paris: Gallimard. 38fr.

Le Cercle 1977: "La fin du monde, le monde finit. En fin du monde nous nous avions jusqu'à vécu, comme de la façon la plus simple et la moins dramatique. L'électricité, le monde. At home and safe in the castle of Malevil, a medieval castle, Emmanuel Conte is surrounded by the long standing. An atomic explosion, they soon learn, has destroyed or severely crippled all organic life. Their immediate problem is to recover from the terrific shock (fortunately the bomb was of a kind that does not lead to radioactivity): to build up morale (reference to the Bible for its wisdom and for its obsolete morality); to organize a sort of "communismo primitivo". The bravado and camaraderie that reigned among them, and the interest they shared in the games they were members of, are gone. They are now "schooling" gang founded by Emmanuel, now prove of realistic and vital importance as a unifying factor. They see their survival in the future to a transformation of the games they used to play.

The first sign of life outside the castle is not a dove but, a crow: an omen of what awaits them. The main subject now divides into two: defence against troglodyte marauders; rivalry between Emmanuel, who is the abbot of Malevil, and Fulbert le Noir, Bishop of the neighbouring La Roque. The latter is eventually pushed by his own flock, and we see the war. The (not very convincing) conclusion: despite retro-

gressive circumstances, progress is feasible thanks to twentieth-century intellect, represented by Emmanuel and his friends; the way is open for a new technological civilization.

As an adventure story *Malevil* is certainly a success. The prose is vigorous; the tale is skilfully organized; the dialogue is quick and laconic. The intimacy between man and the few surviving beasts is evoked in realistic but lyrical terms: there is a masterly account of the mating of a stallion and a mare. Robert Merle's greatest gift, indeed, is for vivid and exact description. Of a victim, for instance:

Il est nu. Ses cheveux et ses oreilles ont

Gone fishing

MANFRED BIELER:

Der Passagier
180pp. Munich: Biederstein.
DM 15.80.

Manfred Bieler is an inventive writer, but in this, his latest novel, his fantasies never take root in the imagination and are often simply scraps of life pushing up among the pages. After the first few pages our interest is never really sustained beyond a perfunctory politeness. The work lacks imagination, weight, simply drifting along, directionless, as though waiting for the night to end.

The story recounts how, during the course of one night, a mysterious stranger to a village tells four villagers, who have that day buried a friend, the contents of a "dream". The setting of most of the dream-

world action is a trawler, fishing between Europe and Newfoundland, upon which the narrator of the dream is both passenger and crew member. Fleeing the "reality" of authority, he hopes to escape his punishment for murder, but falls in love with a girl on the vessel who either does or does not exist. Eventually he is turned over to the police and returns to face the past; the "real" truth is revealed in the last few pages. Did it all happen or was it just imagination? Is there any difference? Does it matter?

Reality and dream are never far apart and, as if to drive the point home unequivocally, Bieler even prefaces his book with a quotation from Novalis, that arch dreamer of German Romanticism. The novel, however, just does not come off, despite Bieler's often skilful writing.

forming themselves as they go along, scattering the page with puns and half-puns. Nothing, in short, happens. Unless, that is, we are to take Mlle Cixous's other father-figure seriously and assume it is nothing but a dream. It is after all in the wake of Finnegan that this particular vessel sails. But one fears this may be merely an excuse. The real core of *Neutre* is the chapter on Chance: it is chance that controls the transmutations through which Mlle Cixous's words go. Now this is understandable, for if the meanings of words are amputated from reality, what indeed can we be left with but a succession of accidental syllables? And, unless the accidental is made to appear necessary, words become mere sounds, bereft of any poetic force. The transmutations, in fact, are merely permutations; we are trapped among the distorting mirrors of the novelist's all-too-clever intellect.

What is to be done? The police are called, and, airborne though it is, the creature is killed. "Two moons are seen to shine in the sky while it is dying; but that, Buzzati adds with characteristic precision, "was not historically proved". "It was much more delicate and tender than people had thought it", he goes on. "It was made of that impalpable substance popularly called fable or illusion, even when it is true." This is a characteristic tale, characteristic in its melancholy charm and in a certain sentimentality that recalls, more than anyone in Italian writing, our own J. M. Barrie.

In other stories Buzzati is harsher. There is a funny one about a peculiarly nasty murder with a hat-pin, described in an offhand way in a letter between knitting-pattern instructions and orders for grey (or beige) shelland wool. There are visits from other planets, trips into the future, a whole science-fictional world that may, or may not, be dreamt; there is much moonlight and some whimsy and a small, pleasant gift for the offbeat.

Now hear this

PIERRE BOULLE:

Les oreilles de jungle
220pp. Paris: Flammarion. 24fr.

Whether transforming them into monkeys, robots or rebels, Pierre Boule chooses to study men acting as less, or other, than men. In *Les oreilles de jungle*, he plausibly invents a situation whereby the United States, that most pachydermatous of administrations, paradoxically sets up a highly developed system of jungle sensors which can report on the enemy's quietest movements to the computer at headquarters, which in turn triggers off deadly accurate bombing raids.

When these almost invisible instruments are discovered by Jari tribesmen, who inform the North Vietnamese mistress of psychological warfare, Mme Ngha, she devises a marvellous counter-system. Via tape-recordings of lorries and voices, she persuades the automated bombers to unload well away from the Ho Chi Minh trail. The friendly Jari also benefit, for the attacks are diverted to game areas, where they can pick up the slaughtered animals for meat. When the Americans switch to napalm, the raids are exploited to make jungle clearings for rice-growing. New watchwords spread: make virtue of necessity; cultivate carp in craters. When the Americans change to defoliants, the bombs are guided towards clearing a swathe through the jungle for a postwar motorway, thereby granting the North Vietnamese huge economies. M. Boule's imagination is clearly escalating here, but elsewhere he declares in self-justification that war, like a giganic fertilizer, beguiles these "monstrueuses fleurs de l'extravagance".

Throughout, the irony is heavy.

but often disarming. General Bishop, in charge of the computer centre, does not understand the technological miracles of his supervisors, and is a sworn conservationist. Unknown to himself, he is adopted as a father-substitute by the Vietnamese girl-spy who acts as his secretary. Both die (for the girl it is a kind of suicide) in the ultimate holocaust, when the American bombers are duped into blasting their own base. *Catch-22* again, but here the motive is not human greed, but the revenge of human cunning against robbery. The North Vietnamese are seen through-out as engaging and resourceful. The Americans are not shown as monsters, but as cuckolded cuckoos, still human enough to respond poetically to the mysterious jungle life transmitted to them electronically.

M. Boule, as before, appears well-versed in native lore. The female tribal sage upstages even the friendly clever Mme Ngha, and the author's own "jungle hearing" seems sensitive. Perhaps the Vietnam War can be laughed away even less easily than any other war. The Pentagon writes its own Marxist scripts (*tendence Groucho*).

Hervé Bazin's *Les bienheureux de la dissolution*, a novel parallel to the news-item "of the Tristram da Cunha's troubled exile in Britain (reviewed here on August 7, 1970), has now been translated by Derek Colman as *Tristram* (315pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £2.50). His translation often toasters between excessive fidelity and unnecessary glossing, but is generally alert to the author's allusiveness. English readers should benefit from the often penetrating Gallic gaze of M. Bazin as it fastens on our bemused reception of some awkward guesses.

Two-souls and none

ANDRÉ SCHWARZ-BART:

La malédiction de Solitude
160pp. Paris: Seuil. 16fr.

BERNARD CIXOUS:
Neutre
160pp. Paris: Grasset. 16fr.

La malédiction de Solitude is the first of a projected series of novels (though a prelude has been published already under the title of *Un plus de pour* as *bonheur veris*, reviewed here on April 13, 1967), which will cover the period from 1760 to modern times. It opens in a lovingly remembered garden of Eden—that is to say, in Africa before the coming of the slave-traders.

Solitude is the half-caste daughter of an African woman and of some nameless white sailor on the slave ship. She is neither white nor black, and even her eyes are of different colours, so that she is nicknamed "Two-Souls". She grows up in an atmosphere of terrifying cruelty, to which she reacts by withdrawing into a tormented silence close to insanity.

After the massacre of an army of black rebels that she has joined in the forest, and after sharing the bed of another slave, she begins to feel that perhaps her heart is black after all. The book's atmosphere becomes progressively more nightmare—and it does not linger on horrors that might otherwise be too bear. André Schwarz-Bart, his heroine, almost withdraws from reality. Solitude is seen as if through a veil of episodic images which strike us as vividly as the images of dreams. And indeed, the author has a taste for the dramatic, the striking curtain-line.

As for the book's morality, this is not simple: Solitude kills a white soldier, bewitched by her cry of "Kill him". Her black lover had been a slave—but his masters were African negroes. And M. Schwarz-Bart is profoundly aware of his ending (a sort of "cry of defiance against Inhumanity") is almost too cathartic: can one believe in such lonely heroines? This historical novel presents us with almost too harmonious a grief.

For instance, it is invaded by some creature that floats over the rooftops, a benign monster used to scare children by old-fashioned purses.

the Other) is to the New Novel what *Finnegan's Wake* is to *Ulysses* (though quite without the density of Joyce). Mlle Cixous quotes from those father-figures of the Puritan intellectual world, Freud and Saussure; and her characters (listed on page 19) include Subject, Text and Story. The text is a "Phoenix" which "undertakes to engender itself", and duly does so in a line of dots on the final page.

We learn that Mlle Cixous has read Poe, Milton, the Bible, Shakespeare, Nietzsche, Racine, *Das Kapital* and at least one page of Herodotus. We are also treated to a remarkable fireworks display of puns. For this is the very latest in literary (or anti-literary) developments: there is no subject, and no subject-matter, save the words upon the page. The book is seen as a structure, in the Saussurean sense of having no content, except the interplay of word against word. It is written as a sort of improvisation, the words trans-

Dangerous moonlight

DINO BUZZATI:

Le notti difficili
354pp. Milan: Mondadori. £3.00.

Dino Buzzati, who died recently, was an original writer of great fluency and some charm, in his early days sometimes compared with Kafka, and *Le notti difficili* is a collection of short stories and sketches which give his curious talent the chance of showing itself in all kinds of ways. Some are almost poems, some seem almost like doodles on the backs of envelopes: there are stories that read factually and all kinds of factual-sounding incidents with a pinch of fantasy. For Buzzati believed strongly in a kind of fantasy that was the underside—not the contrary—of realism, even of "real life", and liked to envisage situations in which the two were brought together, were used, as it were, in the same context.

A realistically described household, for instance, is invaded by some creature that floats over the rooftops, a benign monster used to scare children by old-fashioned purses.

Alberto Moravia

The Two of Us

"A perfect novel for our times... fascinating, 'pornographic', agonising and above all beautifully readable"—Giuliano Dele, *The Times*. "His energy and freshness are remarkable... Angus Davidson's translation has a consistent tone and an alert wit"—Jim Hunter, *Listener*. £2.50

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—*R. H. Ward*

Hamish Hamilton

Good medicine

MARIO TOBINO:

Per le antiche scale

248pp. Milan: Mondadori. £2.50.

In *Per le antiche scale* (Down the Old Steps) Mario Tobino explores the world of madness which he knows professionally as a doctor in an asylum at Magliana (Lucas). The autobiographical details, he warns us, have been transmuted, but in this novel he takes nineteen separate, short excursions into the psychic darkness which it is his concern, as doctor and novelist, to illuminate.

The usefulness of the novel-form to Dr Tobino is that the doctor/patient relationship can be given its full range of emotional resonance: it is the double focus on patient and doctor, seen reacting to each other, which is most rewarding, and makes the short *scuola* much more effective than the straight novel, which takes up the first quarter of the book. By following the interplay of intellect and feeling step by step in both patient and himself (the Dr Auselmo who serves as persona

seems very close to Dr Tobino, while the patients are imaginative re-creations or syntheses) we are brought marvelously close to the experience of madness. Auselmo's function is not so much to relay his knowledge of mad people as to allow us to identify with his groping and the doctor's growing awareness, as each develops out of the other.

In his intellectual exploration of madness, Auselmo follows two main hypotheses: that of music as language (accessible of verbal expression, two of his patients achieve startling clarity with musical instruments); and that of madness as the decadence or revolt of the intellect, while the emotions remain intact, waiting to surface at the first opportunity. One of the most striking cases of intellectual abdication is that of a Fascist hierarch who, filled with an increasing sense of emptiness, comes over a period of weeks to see life as a total illusion: "nothing exists. We are suddenly shown the social reality from which this conviction originates through the values of his wife and his

A close look at the *Cantos*

CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE:
A ZBC of Ezra Pound
277pp. Faber and Faber. £2.75.

Christine Brooke-Rose writes a highly personal mixture of criticism and advocacy. In both cases she arrives at fundamentally conventional conclusions by a most remarkably idiosyncratic path. There are few critics of Pound whose footnotes refer to Kristeva, Derrida, Lacan and Todorov, and fewer still who would argue that Pound's philosophy is close to the phenomenology of Husserl. There is a Parisian air about the ZBC (the author is a lecturer at the Vincennes campus of the University of Paris and is a distinguished translator, a neglected novelist, and critic), which was strikingly absent from the *L'Herne* collection edited by Dominique de Roux in 1965, and which contrasts with the lumpy, book-bound work of recent critics of Pound. Miss Brooke-Rose is not merely fashionable, and those strikingly named French trends which pop up in her notes are something less than necessary.

This book is addressed to "students and newcomers", but the pedant in Miss Brooke-Rose makes an occasional appearance. Though she advises her readers that Pound's polyglotism should be no bar to the reading and enjoyment of his work, and that a glancing knowledge of the languages is all that is required, in the seventh chapter she corrects, with some asperity, poor Pound's errors in Old French and Chinese. It appears that she is of two minds on this matter.

Miss Brooke-Rose willingly grants that on many matters, of fact and value, Pound may have been wrong, arguing that it is his method, his "kind of thinking" and way of putting facts together which is accessible to us and is to be valued no matter what his conclusions may be. On the other hand Pound was often right—on Alexander Hamilton and the causes of the United States involvement in the Second World War—but he may be less right than Miss Brooke-Rose suggests, and it is quite beside the point to urge Pound's opinion that Roosevelt betrayed the Jeffersonian ideal of a neutral America. Dismissing the question too easily, she writes:

Life is picking out from the flux, the swirling spiral, he is picking out the

attracting forces which he considers as true and permanent and workable at any time, in any conditions, in any society and in any one man. He may be wrong of course. So may the most brilliant and even workable scientific hypothesis turn out to be wrong as new data becomes available. But no one would deny that modern man is more and more out of touch with the inner core of his being, more and more rushed into more and more dissociated sensibilities. This may well be the way we must go, and personally I think it is. I have no hope for mankind at all. But I do not see why we should deny the validity of Pound's vision, as a vision, and whatever the errors of detail.

The desire to have it both ways—to praise the method while acknowledging that many of the facts and conclusions that Pound presented were inaccurate or invalid—is a reply, though ultimately unsatisfactory, to Donald Davie's *Ezra Pound: Poet as Sculptor* (1964), a book which has been deftly ignored by many critics of Pound. Professor Davie argued that the *Cantos* reveal an absurd, perhaps insane, presumption on Pound's part; that Pound's dealings with history were arbitrary and wasteful; the Chinese *Cantos* are "pathological and sterile" (Miss Brooke-Rose argues that they are "more forceful and pithy than many critics have so far realized"), and that the *Cantos* were a failure which should warn us against trying anything like it again. Miss Brooke-Rose defends the "presumption", and attempts, through what she aptly describes as a "paradigmatic reading", to look with unprecedented closeness at the way Pound works with his sources. Her argument against Professor Davie should have been brought completely out in the open, for as it stands now "students and newcomers" are treated to the spectacle of the lecturer from Vincennes roughing up, and eventually throwing bodily out of the ring, a shadowy figure, only to be identified by the crumpled bow-tie as the Professor from Stanford.

The argument is unsatisfactory because it has the unfortunate effect of being condescending to Pound, which is unbecoming and surely unintended. To treat Pound as a voyant ("It is the work of a visionary, and that is its value", writes Miss Brooke-Rose), from whom we receive an "irrational, apocalyptic, timeless" poetic experience, is very

much the line taken by Thomas H. Jackson, Daniel Pearlman, Eva Hesse and Agnew. This is an attempt to empty the *Cantos* of didactic and political purpose. If we are to be sold a "Pound the Visionary", it doesn't matter what unfortunate things he was up to in Italy, or what he had to say about contemporary society. It is a way, in fact, of not taking Pound seriously at all. Professor Davie is preferable here, for he sees that the *Cantos* are intensely ethical and political and is willing to deal with them, however harshly, on those terms.

But it could be argued that the "presumption" that Professor Davie dismisses is what makes Pound such a remarkable poet, and that his major contribution to modern poetry lies precisely in his willingness to deal with the "things that really matter" as he understood them. In an interview Robert Lowell once remarked that Pound was lucky to have found social credit, Fascism and Gweli; without it he would have been little more than a technician. The poet Tom Scott one of Pound's most vociferous defenders, put the matter more positively:

I disagree with much of his detail in his vision of finance-capitalist society, but not with his general view, and I applaud his caring about such things.

Emily on the couch

JOHN CODY:

After Great Pain

The Inner Life of Emily Dickinson
538pp. Harvard University Press.
London: Oxford University Press.
£7.25.

The title John Cody has chosen for his immense study is peculiarly and ironically apposite. Drawn from the first line of one of Emily Dickinson's most chilling poems, it may be applied not only to the agonized life of his subject, but also, with a small perversion of critical justice, to the character of his own industry and enterprise. His book seems to emerge from a labour that is long, wearisome and strenuous to the point of great pain.

There is a certain heroism, albeit of a slightly alarming kind, about the author's intention, which is nothing less than to regather, reassemble, and recreate the total inner experience of Emily Dickinson. He writes not as a literary critic, nor as a literary historian, nor as a biographer, but as a practising psychiatrist, preferring to describe his work as the "psychography" of a woman who was "the psychoanalytically perfect". Emily Dickinson is on the couch; her fascinated analyst sits attentive to her every remark, dropped casually or carefully, in letter or poem; he publishes his findings as a labyrinthine case-study, a psychography, of a psychotic who happened also to be a major poet.

In terms of aim, a comparison with Sigmund Freud's *Portrait of a Lady* is tempting. But the comparison would serve only to reveal the paucity of Dr Cody's exploratory equipment. His professional tools are those of the Medical and Administrative Director of the High Plains Comprehensive Community Mental Health Center, Hays, Kansas; and among his intellectual tool-kit we should not look for any instruments that bore into and penetrate the foundations and framework of American (or Western) society. Many aspects of Emily Dickinson's situation, and heritage (economic, cultural, theological) are lightly regarded, if at all; and many assumptions about sexual identity are either unquestioned or allowed to float free of the world of historical change. A girl, for instance, "must admire her mother and want to be like her"; the truth, perhaps, but surely not the whole truth.

To remark on limitations of such a kind is not to say that this book is

Whatever side one is on in the present show-down, Pound has made it possible for poets to write about history and the things that really matter socially, and impossible to confine themselves ever again to moonshine and mountain daisies.

Scott's argument engages more fully and adequately with what Pound was actually trying to do. Miss Brooke-Rose, and the others who have emphasized the visionary nature of Pound's work, have only told part of the story. Until there has been a serious attempt to place Pound's politics (a singular failing in John R. Harrison's chapter on Pound in *The Reactionaries*), economics and ethics, the "student and newcomer" is being seriously misled.

Miss Brooke-Rose's method in the key chapters of *A ZBC of Ezra Pound* were first displayed at some length in an essay titled "Lay me by Aurelie: An Examination of Pound's Use of Historical and Semi-Historical Sources" in Eva Hesse's *New Approaches to Ezra Pound* (1969), and printed in an abridged form here. It is an intensive examination of the way Pound's choice of sources telescoped into one passage of verse an immense variety of times, viewpoints, humour and value. The method on occasion does

without interest or illumination or even independence of viewpoint. In his first chapter Dr Cody takes issue, in a manner that is both laudable and convincing, with all those overly rationalistic readers who demand to see in her work plentiful evidence of a higher or deeper "sanity", since to acknowledge her as in some respects or at certain times "insane" would undermine their ideological premises concerning the incompatibility of "madness" and great or wise art. He both challenges such crude, implicitly moralistic divisions between sanity and insanity, and goes on to build his book on the evidence that Emily Dickinson was indeed a person damaged to the point of insanity, whose insanity was nevertheless the root and inspiration of much of her greatest poetry.

In his researches the author has been tireless and exhaustive. We come to know intimately not only the poet, but her father, her mother, her elder brother Austin, his wife (née Susan Gilbert), her younger sister Lavinia, and the few friends of her youth, before she clothed herself in white and closed herself within the voluntary prison of the family home.

Her father was simultaneously austere and protective, often absent on financial and political business, and when physically present, absent in emotion and unable to show affection. His authority over the household was complete without his quite being dictatorial. For her brother, she felt an extraordinary sympathy, which Dr Cody characterizes as "a feeling of profound inner blending with him". He suggests that on Austin's marriage Emily suffered a psychic breakdown. Married, Austin moved away no farther than the adjoining house, and gradually, the thesis goes, Emily was able to identify with his wife, Susan, to such an extent that when the latter became physiologically pregnant, Emily became poetically pregnant, her "great creative outpouring, which subsided as rapidly as it began, being for her, on the deepest level, the psychological equivalent of Sue's pregnancy".

She was devoted also to Lavinia, "our practical sister", who, as the poet became less and less competent to manage the rudiments of daily life and social interchange, became first a promoted elder sister and later a surrogate mother. And with the appearance of a necessarily surrogate mother, we come to the figure who, for Dr Cody, is the

condens into a bizarre free association everything suggesting everything.

The two lines . . . are a faint echo of . . . which also manages to be . . . as well as the . . . but she more faintly, the . . . And the more we think of . . . in a context suggesting which takes us back to the beginning of this passage.

This is not representative of a "paradigmatic reading", as Miss Brooke-Rose develops the technique, but its self-parody, in her hands, is a complex, often darkly continuing immersion into a shadowy world of mythology, archaeology, history, economic theory, and European scholarship: a counterpart in criticism to the experience of reading the *Cantos*. She does not attempt a systematic explication of the poem. But her method, laced with a good deal more self-control, may be a considerable improvement for future work on the *Cantos*. She appears to be chiefly concerned with artists and intellectuals; some of the most important sessions, above all those involving Alger Hiss, are entirely missed.

The emphasis throughout is on the history of the entertainment world, which Eric Bentley, a distinguished dramatic critic, has spent most of his writing life. No historian will be able to use this book as an authority, for even such hearings as we have been severely pruned by Mr Bentley in the interests of readability. The general reader is likely to suffer the pains of unapologetic curiosity at many points: extended by the chore of working through the transcripts, Mr Bentley seems to have overlooked the likelihood that most of his readers will be too young to remember more than a handful of the events and personalities so freely alluded to in the precise word, for in a section of close and detailed textual examination the author demonstrates the poet's frequent equation of food and love. Deprived of rich and positive maternal affection and sustenance, Emily Dickinson grew into a woman incapable of rich and positive human relations. The conclusion is that

villain of the piece—or indirectly, paradoxically, the heroine.

Dr Cody argues that Mrs Dickinson was a woman so frail, so feeble, so persistently depressed, so implacable, so negligible, that Emily was from earliest infancy starved of love, of warmth, of touch, of nourishment. (And "starved" must be the precise word, for in a section of close and detailed textual examination the author demonstrates the poet's frequent equation of food and love.) Deprived of rich and positive maternal affection and sustenance, Emily Dickinson grew into a woman incapable of rich and positive human relations. The conclusion is that

with a different mother Emily Dickinson may well have married and had children and in all ways have pursued a conventional life. To this extent it may be said that Emily Dickinson was able to become a great poet because, in spite of her unobtrusive, unglorified, and unstimulating mother—the ultimate progenitress, therefore, of the verse.

There are cogent elements in Dr Cody's case for the prosecution, within his psychographical whodunnit. Clearly the mother had a formative influence upon the daughter, if only in the very lack of formative influence. But major restrictions remain, of both a specific and a general nature. Specifically, the distant, autocratic Mr Dickinson let off altogether too lightly, as a result of Dr Cody's refusal to subject to radical scrutiny the established conventional mutual relationship of dominant husband and obedient wife. And in general, if Emily Dickinson's mother was "the ultimate progenitress of the verse", what use we to make of such a finding? Might not much the same be said for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, of the mothers of many of all other poets? What, for instance, of Poe's mother, dying in his infancy before his memory could hold her? Assuredly it could be argued that she too was "the ultimate progenitress" of his neoplatonic verse.

What Dr Cody discovers is interesting, revealing, true—up to a point, but not very far beyond it. And the point should certainly not have been so long in the pressing. The cruel observation must finally be made: that in the 500 pages of *After Great Pain* were the materials for a compact, informative, and useful article which would have deserved publication in one of the American academic journals.

Reds under American beds

ERIC BENTLEY (Editor):
Thirty Years of Treason
991pp. Thames and Hudson. £5.

A student of modern American politics will find *Thirty Years of Treason* irresistibly fascinating. But a warning is in order. The book is exactly what its sub-title indicates: a collection of excerpts from the House Committee on Un-American Activities, 1938-1968. It is a history of HUAC (for that matter, the House Committee on Un-American Activities) nor, in spite of its length, is it a complete transcript of the endless hearings. It was even a representative selection, not even a representative selection, of the chiefly concerned with artists and intellectuals; some of the most important sessions, above all those involving Alger Hiss, are entirely missed.

The emphasis throughout is on the history of the entertainment world, which Eric Bentley, a distinguished dramatic critic, has spent most of his writing life. No historian will be able to use this book as an authority, for even such hearings as we have been severely pruned by Mr Bentley in the interests of readability. The general reader is likely to suffer the pains of unapologetic curiosity at many points: extended by the chore of working through the transcripts, Mr Bentley seems to have overlooked the likelihood that most of his readers will be too young to remember more than a handful of the events and personalities so freely alluded to in the precise word, for in a section of close and detailed textual examination the author demonstrates the poet's frequent equation of food and love. Deprived of rich and positive maternal affection and sustenance, Emily Dickinson grew into a woman incapable of rich and positive human relations. The conclusion is that

Blunders of the CPUSA

Tragically, they actually found a conspiracy. Mr Bentley discusses, with wry wisdom, the imbecile dishonesty of the Communist Party during the 1930s and 1940s; but it is doubtful if even he goes far enough. For example, he rather scornfully points out that the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, that Munich of the left, too much to swallow; but he misses the point. Had the CPUSA made it plain from the start that its first priority was the survival of the Soviet Union, on which depended the survival of socialism, so that any swerve, however painful, was justified if it helped Soviet foreign policy, the pact would have come as much less of a shock to the comrades; but there would also have been far fewer of them to be shocked. For the communists now recruits in the 1930s largely because they pretended that their first priority was the fight against Nazism. It was as anti-Nazi that many men and women joined, and it was as anti-Nazi first and foremost that they left, for they felt, and were, betrayed. Nor was that the party's only crass blunder. Scene after scene of Mr Bentley's drama tells the familiar tale of philistine functionaries driving artists and intellectuals out of communism by their insistence that art and the intellect must subordinate themselves utterly to the party line. The bad faith and bullying of party politics, not to mention the boredom and childishness of cell meetings, where indigestible gobbets of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin were thrust down reluctant throats, also made it impossible

for most intelligent and honourable Americans to belong. By 1947 they were either well on their way out, or had already left, in most cases after very brief involvement.

In short, the elaborate secret movement had proved a total failure by the time HUAC got really busy, and such events as the Czech coup of 1948 did nothing to rescue it. Russian foreign policy seemed effective and sinister, American opinion was overwhelmingly anti-communist, as was proved by the utter defeat of Henry Wallace's presidential campaign. That should have shown that there was no danger from domestic communists: Nato was the correct response to the crisis, not HUAC. Unhappily far too many Americans thought the Reds overseas chiefly important as justifying a hunt for Reds under the bed. Few indeed were the voices which questioned the importance or reality of the alleged internal subversive threat. The exposure of Fuchs and Nunn May, though neither of them was an American, increased the confusion. Atomic spies were dangerous traitors; so also must be all members of the Communist Party. It did not matter if they had never broken any law. All agreed that the purpose of the Communist Party was the overthrow of the American Government by force. So all communists must be criminal conspirators. The House Committee was the most vociferous trumpet of this syllogism, and did everything it could to make it effective. It advocated the outlawing of the party. Citations for contempt of Congress were made with unprecedented frequency, so that witnesses whose only ostensible fault was to refuse to answer damaging questions could be sent to prison for their real if unproven crime of being Reds. Even worse, the committee, quite extra-legally of course, put the utmost pressure on, for example, trade unions and Hollywood studios to purge themselves of communists. This meant the witch-hunt and the blacklist. At one stage an actor, Z (Zero Mostel?) went round roaring: "I'm Z, the man of a thousand faces, all of them blacklisted." He survived. Others did not. They were refused all employment for the atrocious crime of refusing to say whether they had ever been communists.

The ease with which the Committee's victims succumbed—their total inability to fight back—should alone have been enough to induce the House of Representatives to put a coterie end to what was clearly just a coterie end of redundant bullies. But it was easier, personally and politically, to let matters take their course. What did it matter that the Committee never produced any practicable legislative proposals, or uncovered any current communist activity of importance? The chairman of the committee, "Ted" Walker of Pennsylvania, was a leading Democrat: no point in upsetting him. No point, either, in noting that, in due course, HUAC slowly began to lose ground: for example, both Paul Robeson and Arthur Miller got away with refusing to cooperate (even Congress was relieved that it failed to put Marilyn Monroe's husband in jail). All the same, common sense was beginning to weaken acceptance of the Committee's mission.

The consequences became clear in the 1960s when, for the first time, HUAC found itself challenged by a radical movement that was not afraid to proclaim its Marxism from the witness-stand. Peace and liberal reform were enormously popular causes. Even Hollywood began to ignore HUAC's witch-hunting. Suddenly the Committee looked helpless. A liberal Southerner forced it to investigate the Ku Klux Klan, but its

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For use against apathy?

BRIAN GROOMBRIDGE:
Television and the People
254pp. Penguin, Paperback, 45p.

When Ruskin heard that a cable had been laid at great expense and with enormous engineering skill from Britain to India—Brian Groombridge tells us—he asked: "And what do you have to say to India?" In *Television and the People* Mr Groombridge makes an interesting, urgent, and almost convincing case for what he thinks should be the aim of television, at any rate in the political sphere. He is not concerned with the arts, however lofty, or with the lesser virtues of domestic entertainment but is positive that television could revitalize democracy in this (or any other) country by making it more participatory.

Participation, as Mr Groombridge would be the first to admit, is a catchword in politics, but it is a catchword which has never really caught the imagination of either the politicians or the public. Only the unfashionable Liberals under Jo Grimond (unsuccessfully) campaigned with it as a slogan and have conveniently tried to devise means of involving the community in the running of their own lives (Mr Groombridge, who could perhaps be labelled as a middle-of-the-road social democrat, does not mention the Liberals). We are bedeviled by apathy towards the politics of industrial and social issues—

except among those redoubtable, vociferous members of the middle-classes who read *What's* and *Where's*, send suggestions to *What's* and form the cells of many worthy organizations from Case to Women's Liberation. Everyone knows the potential of television as an adult educator and the abundance of information the medium pours into our homes. Yet the BBC discovered in 1954, to take but one of Mr Groombridge's examples, that less than half the sample they questioned knew the meaning of "devaluation" and only 53 per cent knew what the phrase "per cent" indicated. (What does happen in schools?) He concludes from such dismal findings

not that most people are too mediocre, too badly informed to justify democracy; it is that democracy is at present too mediocre, too badly structured, to motivate people towards knowledge and action.

The third section of his book looks at experiments in other countries which have tried to draw ordinary people into the production of television programmes and have the man in the street rather than the professional communicators decide what issues to examine. When a vote is to be held in St Louis about local government changes, the programmes for the "Metropolis Assembly" were decided in the first place by holding public meetings to see what people thought the issues

were. Neighbourhood forums were organized to familiarize more people with the outlines of the plans and discover articulate unofficial proponents of different points of view. After debates in the forums these articulate individuals were invited to take part in a studio debate which was in its turn watched by discussion groups at viewing points. There was good press support for the project, and when the referendum was held the vote was much heavier than was stated in a poll of that sort.

As a device for Athenian-type political education, the Metropolis Assembly looks good. Yet it contains an essential weakness in that those in the community with television talent control the cameras and the inarticulate remain inarticulate. The story of how Sweden systematically tackled Conservation Year through the media is instructive also. The caveat in this case is that a paternalistic use of the media could be dangerous for less acceptable causes. We are back to *Quintus*: Mr Groombridge is on firmer ground when he pleads for complementary use and more interrelation between radio, television, and the written word, and for the serious development of local radio and local television in the wired cities of the future. Mr Groombridge does not prove that television alone could revitalize democracy, but he does show that more intelligent use of its possibilities could stir our present political doldrums, while incidentally enlightening what we see on the box.

Ladies only

ALISON ADBURGHAM:
Women in Print
302pp. Allen and Unwin, £5.95.

I have lately counted a young Gentlewoman and she is now in mind to marry me. Lately died a Relative and left me £100 a year, on condition, moreover, that I never would marry the above-mentioned Lady. Query, whether to take the Lady and leave the Money, or take the Money and leave the Lady.

Lonely Hearts can boast a relatively ancient lineage. It was to the *Athenian Mercury*, founded in London in 1690, and surviving for six years, that the undecided suitor put his problem. If the advice he received: "Take the Lady", is not necessarily what would be given in today's more flip climate, the preoccupations of the *Ladies Mercury*, stable companion to the *Athenian*, which embraced "all the most nice and curious Questions concerning Love, Marriage, Behaviour, Dress and Humour of the Female Sex, whether Virgins, Wives or Widows", remain near enough those of the latest born of its successors.

The contemporary feel of many pre-Victorian magazines is one of the surprises of Alison Adburgham's absorbing book, in which she claims, perhaps over-modestly, to have attempted no more than "initial rescue work" among the publications of a largely neglected period. Of many, but not of all, it is inconceivable that, today, a non-specialist publication should thrive on mathematical problems—still ones—supported by poetical enigmas, but they were the backbone of the *Ladies Diary*, or *The Woman's Almanack*, which first appeared at the end of 1703 for the year 1704. (The object of the anticipated date was to catch both the post and the Christmas trade.) By 1717 it claimed to be selling 6,000 to 7,000 copies a year, and its readership was as far-flung as Cumberland, Cambridgeshire and the Canary Islands.

Although the details given about these early women's mags must be fascinating to journalists and likely to send social historians hurrying to sources, the major theme of Mrs Adburgham's book is the women who wrote for them. She has resurrected, it seems, every woman who lived wholly or partly by her pen for the 150 years between the death of Aphra Behn, patron saint of them all, if saint is the word, in 1709 until the year after Queen Victoria came to the throne. Their number is remarkable. One may hesitate to accept the list of contributors claimed by John Dunton, founder of both *Mercurius* Magazine publishing, at any time, being what it is, it is likely enough that "Divine Astell; refined Lady Masham; that angel in flesh and blood, Madam Gwillim; the conscientious and dutiful Maxfield; heavenly Richards; unknown Almira" and as many more may have all resided in the persons of a couple of hacks scribbling for all get-out in a small back room. But the very fact

that he could make the claim with any hope of credibility suggests at least that women writers at the time were not "rarer than radium". Presumably, too, the contributors whom he lists in his memoirs, Mrs Nutt, Mrs Curtis, Mrs Mallet and others, were authentic.

As Mrs Adburgham makes clear, if they were to survive they had to be both tough and talented. From Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, who, even though she did not write for money, "a woman (could) be exempt from the malice and aspersions of spiteful tongues which they cast upon my poor writings", to the poetess and novelist, Laetitia E. Landon, who declared in 1836 that "Envy, malice and all uncharitable nesses—these are the fruits of a successful literary career for women", exorcism seems to have been the normal lot of writing females. It is difficult to see quite why, since, even at its lower levels, Grub Street was surely less ignominious than prostitution or mercenary marriage, the only alternatives for gentlewomen, or those who could pass as such, with no means of support.

True, besides, showing a marked gift for meeting the public taste for the scandalous and the salacious, some had a certain raciness about their private lives, whether it was Lady Blessington's curiously constituted ménage à trois, or the unspecified "little indiscretions" admitted by the novelist and journalist, Mrs Eliza Heywood; but they were counterbalanced by Hannah More, who her tracts for the poor, and Mrs Sam Trimmer, founder-editor of the first family magazine, who exuded moral purpose from every pore. It was, in any case, far outweighed by the enormous professionalism of these harassed, hard-driven women, and by their formidable capacity for work. During the time that Lady Blessington was the evidently efficient editor of the *Book of Beauty* she wrote the whole body of another annual, and in 1840, while she was editing the *Keep-Sake*, she published a novel, *The Belle of the Season*, and the second part of her *Tales in Italy*. Mrs Manley seems to have written most of the *Female Tatler*, which came out on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and was at one time credited with writing also the *Whisperer*, published on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The extracts from some of these publications suggest that the quality could have been a deal worse. One would dearly like an opportunity of judging the merits of some of the long-forgotten novelists whom she describes. To take an almost random sample: Charlotte Lennox, whom Dr Johnson ranked with Hannah More, Fanny Burney, the remarkable Elizabeth Carter, Mrs Radcliffe, queen of Gothic novelists, and Sydney Osmond, later Lady Morgan, whose *Wild Irish Girl* ran into seven editions in two years. It seems as though, even today, their work would have more than the interest which attaches to period "trivia".

PHILOSOPHY

A genetic psychologist's confessions

JAN PIAGET:
Insights and Illusions of Philosophy
Translated by Wolfe Mays
250p. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.

Épistémologie des sciences de l'homme
250p. Paris: Gallimard, 6fr.

"This book being something of a confession . . .", says Jan Piaget in which he goes on to describe an encounter with "the great Bergson". The book is indeed an intensely personal one, and this, more even than its scientific and philosophical preoccupations, is what gives it both a charm and its interest. It remains very strongly of R. G. Collingwood's *Autobiography*. A lady once claimed that Russell told her that talking to her was more exciting than making love to other women. Whether or not we credit Bergson, there is no doubt that when Piaget or a Collingwood confesses his doctrinal flirtations, the result is considerably more interesting than accounts of other men's amours.

Piaget does not possess Collingwood's literary brilliance and elegance; on the contrary, his account of his intellectual adventures is a bit lumbering (rather like some old grand old man dictating his memoirs), and he is not too well served by his English translation, which seems on occasion to follow the French word order to the detriment of both meaning and style. But this earnestness gives one a sense that what one is given is close to the unadorned truth. Perhaps unfairly, a superb artist such as Collingwood was one on one's guard, whereas Piaget's fumbling gives a strong impression of sincerity.

But they have one thing in common, which also explains why, despite the difference in degree of earnestness, the intellectual confessions of both of them should be so interesting: their preoccupation with the philosophy of knowledge was deeply engaged, committed not in the absurd sense that they should refuse to look at rival views, but in the sense of being fed by a lifelong, burning preoccupation, and one to which Piaget was devoted from his childhood. There are indeed striking parallels between the basic problems of method facing the biologist-historian and the genetic psychologist.

Like Collingwood's Piaget's work will be read not merely for its account of the development of one man, but also for its illuminating sketches of various intellectual climates. Some of his comments are devastating. Discussing the relationship between political irrationalism, and anti-empiricism in the *Gelbeschichten* during the interwar period, Piaget describes a holder of a chair in Bern who "taught a kind of Italian neo-Hegelianism under the name of psychology. Inspired by Gentile and adapted to his style, it was . . . a model of 'autistic philosophy'." "Autistic philosophy" is a category we have long been in need of, and it is shameful that we should have had to wait for a Swiss psychologist to coin the phrase.

Or there is this splendid story about Spain: "I read on the morning card . . . Señor X. Catedra . . . a philosopher superior. 'Why do you ask?' I asked him. 'Because it is not experimental. . . . And there is also a footnote story about G. E. Moore, showing him at his philosophical and dreadful worst. Moore told Piaget that his, Piaget's, concern with the genesis of cognitive forms 'is of no interest at all. . . .'"

The largest part of *Insights and Illusions of Philosophy* is taken up with combating philosophical pretensions to a priori psychological knowledge and to modern rationalizations. But as Wolfe Mays observes in his insightful introduction, there is in striking parallel between the Continental, predominantly phenomenological manner of doing this, which preoccupies Piaget, and Anglo-Saxon linguistic philosophy.

Indeed, Piaget's opening chapter, "An Account of and an Analysis of a Disenchantment", deserves to be read alongside Jean-François Revel's masterly *Paradoxe des philosophes* as a succinct, witty, and perceptive account of an intellectual climate and its institutional underpinning. His splendid account of the structural bias of the French university towards intellectual conservatism contains the malicious observation that it is not for nothing that Durkheim's doctrine (of the social nature of truth) originated in France.

Piaget's account is no less valuable for the fact that the post-1968 reforms have now dated it. In this respect as in some others, the book bears marks of the fact that it was first published in France in 1965. For instance, it was evidently written before the work of Chomsky (whose themes are closely parallel to his) made an impact on Piaget. (Chomsky's name does not appear in the book, whereas it is frequently invoked in the other volume under review.)

Piaget's central problem in *Épistémologie des sciences de l'homme* is the question of method in the study of man and more specifically, in the study of the genesis of our cognitive powers. He is fighting on a number of fronts. He identifies being classed as a positivist, for he uses this name to describe a theory concerning the manner in which we acquire knowledge, and of course a mistaken one. (This corresponds to Chomsky's modal use of the term "empiricism".) He might console himself by the reflection that there exists a Continental usage according to which anyone not subscribing to autistic philosophy is automatically a positivist, and the two species are made to exhaust the universe.

At the same time, he is both appalled and perturbed by the apriorism, subjectivism and complacency of the philosophers, with their enthusiasm for sitting on their bottoms and laying down the law about the structure of the human mind, predicament etc., and their new rationales for so doing. But it is not all so simple as this. Piaget is not so much tempted to take the positivistic short-cut and proscribe all non-experimental thought as to be intellectually disreputable. He is acutely sensitive to the problem which arises for our intellectual world through the awkward relationship between Science and Something Else. It is altogether to his credit that he is not tempted by the two extremist solutions, either the brazen elevation to sovereignty of the Something Else (this might be called the Left Bank solution, though certain variants of it are very fashionable in Britain), or by its ruthless proscription.

The solution which he does offer is moderate and likeable rather than high-powered. It consists of a division of labour between the experimental sciences, and a philosophy which does not presume to rival or condemn them, or have its own avenues to reality, but which confines itself to "wisdom". This does not really get us very far. Though Piaget is very observant when it comes to the specific social milieu and the way they encourage hostility to empirical psychology, he is not so perceptive when it comes to the general reasons which make for a tension between the world of science and of man, between (in Gaston Bachelard's phrase) "the one in which we live. To put this in another way, Kantian though he is in epistemology, Piaget has not learnt enough from Kant's ethics.

The argument that there is a necessary antagonism between science and the humanities, developed by Sir Peter Medawar in *The Hope of Progress* only to the point that "literature drives out science", is carried much further by another Nobel Prize winning biologist, Jacques Monod. His book, published in Paris in 1970, and reviewed in the *TLN* on May 28, 1971, has now appeared in English. The translation is outstandingly successful and preserves the incisiveness and bite of the author's uncompromising French. Professor Monod describes the invention of myths and religions, and the construction of vast philosophical systems as the price man has had to pay in order to survive as a social animal without yielding to pure automatism; and he writes of "the extreme subjective power of the laws, that organized and guaranteed this cohesion [of the tribe]".

If there is an innate need for a complete explanation whose absence causes a deep anxiety, if the only form of explanation which can ease the soul is that of a total history which

Both do indeed spring from the same general situation, from the need to defend the *Lebenswelt* against the idiom of an abstract or experimental science. Thus they have a deeper root than the mere laziness of the non-experimentalist, though this factor is also important. The joke is that in the "Anglo-Saxon" variant (whose most influential form was in fact invented by a Viennese), the attack on empiricism is carried out in the name of empiricism itself. The argument runs, roughly: our concepts are embodied in (or are tantamount to) the rules governing our use of language. What we say, however, is immediately accessible to us, because we say it, and thus an important realm is made available which we need not hand over to the experimentalists, and which, indeed, the experimentalist would trample. And as, incidentally, our concepts define our world, we thereby find out a lot about that world—and reconfirm that the world is just as our traditional ways of thinking always led us to suppose. So everything is secure.

A dispensation from the requirement to feed science could hardly go further, and, through the neat "linguistic" twist, it is all done in the name of respect for empiricism, for fact, for language as it is actually spoken.

The so-called phenomenological method secures the land-deeds to virtually the same realm, but by a different route. It is not legitimate, runs its argument, to examine our own concepts, whilst suspending the "natural attitude", which is interested in the reality of the objects of those concepts? This procedure has a number of curious consequences, apart from handing over this realm of suspended concepts, in a kind of philosophical bonded warehouse, to the non-empirical contemplator. In at least two ways, it freezes and distorts that realm. The "natural attitude" is not merely interested in the reality or otherwise of objects, it is also sensitive to the possible invalidity of concepts. It is aware, in other words, of the possibility that things may turn out to be quite different from what we initially supposed, and hence that the concepts in terms of which they were seen in fact totally misdescribe them. The phenomenological attitude, by freezing our ideas of any such threat (for the natural attitude is "suspended"), thereby also constricts a kind of rigor mortis on them.

Secondly, it is part and parcel of

at least our contemporary *Lebenswelt*, or commonsense, that there is built into it an uneasy sense of its own inadequacy. The notions of daily life are inadequate, they have a kind of *pis aller* or interludic standing: we suspect that a true understanding of things requires some quite different idiom. In other words, tentativeness, insecurity, a kind of general *suris* are already part of concepts in their normal daily life. We practise *epoché* as we speak prose, and we do not need Husserl to invent it for us. Thus phenomenology, in the name of suspending our concepts, does exactly the opposite. It confers on them a kind of rigidity and an unwarranted inner security.

Thereby, it not merely issues a charter to hum-sitting apriorism (a small matter), but, through it, unjustifiably reconfirms the trustworthiness of our whole shaky *Lebenswelt*. It is by this kind of facile argument that Sartre, for instance, arrives so confidently at free will, at "le service de sa conscience libre", in *Le Révolte des consciences*. At this crucially important point, the parallel with linguistic philosophy is perfect. But in truth it is precisely a central feature of our condition, that the *Lebenswelt* (or world of ordinary language) is precarious and does not inspire confidence.

There is one further parallel at least. Phenomenology tends to be interesting only when applied to things human. In other spheres, its conclusions, its examination of "suspended" concepts, tend naturally to have the form "a rose is a rose is a rose". But when applied to the structure of self-consciousness itself, there are at least suggestive things to be said. Similarly, the centre of gravity of linguistic philosophy tends to be in the philosophy of mind.

As indicated, the merit and interest of *Insights and Illusions of Philosophy* is not in some general diagnosis of this situation, but in Piaget's more specific observations on various thinkers and milieux. Its readability springs from its frankly avowed personal nature. By contrast *Épistémologie des sciences de l'homme* is not at all a personal book. It is, on the contrary, the by-product of a cooperative Unesco enterprise, as part of which it first appeared in 1970, and unfortunately it reads like it. The only personal thing about the volume is Piaget's occasional indulgence in his penchant for quoting people quoting him.

Science against values

JACQUES MONOD:
Chance and Necessity
An Essay on the Natural Philosophy of Modern Biology
Translated by Austyn Wainhouse
187pp. Collins, £1.75.

The argument that there is a necessary antagonism between science and the humanities, developed by Sir Peter Medawar in *The Hope of Progress* only to the point that "literature drives out science", is carried much further by another Nobel Prize winning biologist, Jacques Monod. His book, published in Paris in 1970, and reviewed in the *TLN* on May 28, 1971, has now appeared in English. The translation is outstandingly successful and preserves the incisiveness and bite of the author's uncompromising French. Professor Monod describes the invention of myths and religions, and the construction of vast philosophical systems as the price man has had to pay in order to survive as a social animal without yielding to pure automatism; and he writes of "the extreme subjective power of the laws, that organized and guaranteed this cohesion [of the tribe]".

If there is an innate need for a complete explanation whose absence causes a deep anxiety, if the only form of explanation which can ease the soul is that of a total history which

reveals the significance of man by assigning him a necessary place in nature's scheme . . . then we understand why so many thousands, years before the appearance, in the realm of ideas, of those presenting objective knowledge as the only source of real truth.

Professor Monod also considers the contemporary protest against science: "Behind the protest is the refusal to accept the essential message of science. The fear is the fear of sacrifice; of outrage to values; and it is wholly justified. It is perfectly true that science attacks values."

This is a complete re-assertion, in modern terms, of the Humane doctrine of the naturalistic fallacy; and the argument is perhaps irrefutable if one accepts that there are such things as objective knowledge and real truth, statable in human language. Professor Monod's argument, however, has another and more subtle twist: "The very definition of 'true' knowledge rests in the final analysis upon an ethical postulate." But if so, how is he justified in talking about an "objective truth", in the bare sense he has used earlier, and which is referred to by Sir Peter Medawar, as that "which is actually 'true', is indeed the case"? These are issues too deep to be resolved here. It is gratifying that the translation of Professor Monod's book is at least clear enough not to muddy the water still further.

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FRANK CASS
67 Gt. Russell Street
London WC1B 3BT

Westerns on the wane

TIMOTHY GREEN:
The Universal Eye
327pp. Rodley Heid, £2.75.

PETER BLACK:
The Mirror in the Corner
232pp. Hutchinson, £2.90.

Over ten years ago, Richard Cawston directed a memorable documentary for the BBC which looked at television all over the world. He reported the global triumph of American soap-opera and the American Western. Two scenes in particular stuck in the mind: one, travelling along Bangkok's river-front and hearing the same Dodge City-gun-dust puncture that had never had a chance to look beyond their own horizons; and two, a shot of Italian peasants learning to write by means of television lessons, and writing with hesitant fingers "Cristoforo Colombo ha scoperto l'America". The worst that television could then do it did with all the power of Mammon; the best, only in very few countries, and rarely.

Now Timothy Green presents a like endeavour in an excellent and well-researched book. A cross between John Gunther and Anthony Sampson, he has been everywhere and knows the facts, and he has kept a sense of their significance. A heartening conclusion emerges that Gresham's Law has not had its way. American domination of television screens in emergent countries has declined. Whereas in architecture a universal boring uniformity makes it impossible for the air traveller to identify the country he has landed in by the airport buildings, it is refreshing to learn from Mr Green how differently the electronic lantern flickers in different places. The extraordinary changes that have taken place in world television call for at least two cheers. In South America, the home-grown *telenovela* rules the air. The story, with infinite variations, rests on an underdeveloped Cinderella prototype: poor country girl comes to town, is seduced, becomes a mother, but survives by opening a successful boutique or marrying into good looks and money. In Portugal, television programmes are licensed on the understanding that they must all be suitable for viewing by twelve-year-olds. In Norway, all the television staff, except those actually putting out the programmes, knock off at 3 pm in the afternoon to make the most of the sunshine. The most assiduous viewer, in the world must be the Japanese housewife who spends 56 per cent of all her leisure in front of her set.

The British reader will be astonished by the high regard in which British television is now held throughout the world. Not in the palmiest days of Empire would British cultural exports have been treated with greater respect than they are now, to the extent of having induced American industrial television sponsors to second thoughts on which programmes to invest in. Mr Green ends his absorbing book with a glimpse into the future of television. Satellites, cable and cassette television are likely to change the present systems beyond recognition by the mid-1980s. The author has hit on a subject that will demand a similar book from him ten years hence.

The Mirror in the Corner is a popular history of the political and commercial pirouettes that brought commercial television to our screens, of the competition between the BBC and the programme companies, and of the programme developments in Britain between 1955 and 1970. Its author, Peter Black, is perhaps the most respected television critic in this country. He has earned his reputation by invariably doing his homework and knowing the background of programme making. Undaunted by hours upon hours of mediocrity, he has continued to detect originality with unflinching flair. Now he stands back to survey the wood instead of watching the trees. The result is highly readable, fair, and a little disappointing.

Like many television documentary producers, Mr Black is better at posing the question "How?" than the more penetrating "Why?" He is devastating in his judgments of commercial television's programme standards over the years, and right in saying the BBC offers the fullest and widest service of any television organization in the world. He pays overdue tribute to the two most important television pioneers in the 1930s, Cecil McGivern and Grace Wyndham Goldie. Justice is done to the main programme developments: the rise of current affairs, the creation of original television drama, the emergence of quite new forms of entertainment. The only important omission is any proper mention of television documentaries and such contributors as John Schlesinger, Ken Russell, Jonathan Miller, Jack Gold and Peter Watkins.

What this book fails to do is to ask searching enough questions: what are the cultural effects of networks which must maximize their audiences in order to stay in business? Has television yet succeeded in broadcasting ideas? Has anyone thought hard enough about the relationship of language to image on the television screen?

With 1976 in sight, the author ought to have devoted more than a chapter to the future of television in this country. He himself is cautious and, coin-tossing apart, does not anticipate major structural changes in the present set-up. Anyone who cares for the pursuit of excellence in television must watch both the baying of politicians for BBC blood and the antics of destructive and scotological television Robespierres with foreboding.

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able experience. The exquisite circular figure represents the spheres of the universe, from the earth up through the elemental spheres to the angelic sphere, shown in rich gold leaf, and beyond. Upon these spheres are inscribed the names of the "Dignities" upon which the Art is based. Nothing could show more clearly than this figure that the Art has a cosmological basis. And as the pages of the great codex are turned, it is further realized that Le Myésier has arranged the works by Lull which he has chosen in an order which should lead the attentive reader into the centre of the Art. Mr Hillgarth has provided a guide to the complex territory of the *Electorium*. He has identified the sources of all the quotations and the prints, in Latin, the explanation of the circular figure. Though he does not quite come to grips with the Art, he has performed an invaluable service to Lull studies by his extremely scholarly analysis of the contents of the vast codex arranged by one who had known Lull himself.

Le Myésier also arranged two lesser Lullian volumes, a medium-sized one now lost, and a small one, the *Breviculum*, illustrated with miniatures and now at Karlsruhe. The miniatures of the *Breviculum* are

reproduced by Mr Hillgarth who uses them to illustrate the contents of the *Electorium*. One fascinating miniature shows Le Myésier presenting his large, medium, and small books to a queen of France, convincingly identified by Mr Hillgarth as Jeanne d'Évreux (see the illustration on the previous page).

It was the early Lullism of Paris which first reached Italy. The library of Pier Leoni, a favourite doctor of Lorenzo de' Medici, contained Lullian manuscripts, one of which is a copy of part of Le Myésier's *Electorium*, which thus becomes of importance for the Italian Renaissance. Pico della Mirandola knew the Art of the Cabala, and the Lullist syncretism congenial to many Renaissance thinkers and magi. The Parisian Lullist tradition was continued, with variations, by Lavinha, who taught Lullism at the Sorbonne in the sixteenth century, and by Lefèvre d'Étaples.

The last Lullist revival was in Germany in the early eighteenth century when Voltaire brought out the great Mainz edition of Lull's Latin works. Salzinger was directly inspired by Le Myésier's *Electorium* of which he had a copy made. He associated Lull with Descartes in

which, though mistaken, he was not eccentric since it had not been uncommon in the seventeenth century to view the Cartesian method as a new kind of Lullism. It was probably through the Salzinger revival that knowledge of Lullism reached Leibnitz, who openly avowed his interest in the *Arts combinatoires*.

Thus Lullism was a method which absorbed generations of enthusiasts from the time of its first propagation by its author up to the eighteenth century. There is no doubt that it must be taken very seriously by historians of thought, and Mr Hillgarth's book may well be the harbinger of an outbreak of Lull studies and of renewed efforts to understand the workings of the elusive Art.

Robert Pring-Mill, who has struggled long and valiantly with the Art in many articles, has written an introduction to the *Quatuor Libri Principiorum*, which is a reprint from the Mainz edition of four short works by Lull. The four books are on the principles of theology, of philosophy, of law, and of medicine. The Lullian medicine, based on Lull's elemental theory adapted to graduated medicine, was fundamentally related to the structure of the Art as a whole. Lull claimed in

the *Desconfort*, the poem in which he lamented the lack of support for his missionary plans, that he had an Art which would work for law, for medicine and all science, and for theology, which he had most at heart. The reprint of the four books for Lull studies, though the general reader is unlikely to see at once any connections between theology, philosophy, law, and medicine as here set forth.

Mr Pring-Mill argues that the number sixteen which Lull chose as the number of the Dignities, or basic principles, in the early form of the Art used in these books, was dictated by the necessity of relating them numerically to the four elements, each with four grades. He is almost certainly right, and there can be little doubt that the study of the procedures of the Lullian medicine—an entirely abstract art—is necessary for the study of the Art as a whole. This side of Lullism links it with the history of medicine. Le Myésier was a doctor of medicine, and so was Pier Leoni who carried his teaching into Italy.

Le Myésier's method of elucidating the Art through the choice of works by Lull arranged in a progressive order might perhaps be profitably employed in an English

Electorium, or a selection of works translated into English. The WAP anthology might begin with the circular figure and with an English translation of Le Myésier's *Electorium*. A translation of the *Arts combinatoires* might follow, a work which Le Myésier puts near the beginning of his series and which might perhaps better than any other work show the source of some of Lull's ideas in the *De divisione naturae*. John Scotus Erigena. To a might be added a translation of *Liber de ascensu et descensu lectus*, also chosen by Le Myésier, a fundamental introduction to the Art, which shows the artist moving up and down the ladder of being and operating the figures of the Art on each step. Such a collection would be a valuable addition to the then Art Library. Mr Hillgarth's *Electorium* might form a helpful introduction to Lull studies. Le Myésier's work should not begin with the fling Arts themselves; one should begin with works which can be as introductions to the Art, as the works of the Lullian tradition.

In its curious way, the Lullian was indeed a kind of scientific method, working with letter notations and geometrical figures on what its author believed to be the divine structure of reality.

It is also interesting that none of the stalwarts of the South African Communist Party (indeed, my *bête blanche*), despite the alleged "personal heroism" that your reviewer finds among its mainly White members, or *biopartisan* White liberals who tend to follow their line, felt the need to make the tale known to the general public. In any case, my book is intended mainly as a concise survey text for students, especially concerned with young Africans and Afro-Americans. Rather than harping on "absence of bias", as your reviewer alleges, I state in my preface that mine is a "committed book, written without shame or apology from the viewpoint of a black man". And in my conclusion, I declare my firm commitment to revolutionary violence by African freedom fighters in their "bitter, protracted struggle for national independence and liberty".

RICIARD GIBSON.
Tuesday Publications Inc, 35 Long
Acre, London WC2.

Hebrew A & M

Sir—The letter headed "Greek A & M" (May 26) pleases me very much. It includes a close connection between ancient and modern Greek. Similar arguments also apply to the need for a curriculum of Semitic studies that facilitates the association of ancient and modern Hebrew.

HUGH HARRIS.
149 Walm Lane, London NW2.

Edmund Wilson

Sir—Appropos of your reviewer's comment in his timely appreciative article on the achievement of Edmund Wilson (May 19): "When Wilson called the Modern Language Association to order, he performed the most important academic act of the postwar years—the

reminded the scholars that their duty was to literature." As a member of—appropriately—its editorial committee, I am happy to report that the Modern Language Association of America, a body of scholars and teachers not always unaware of their duty (though, like other human beings, sometimes needing to be reminded of it), recently elected Mr Wilson one of the small and distinguished group of "Honorary Fellows" of the M.L.A.

DONALD GREENE.
Department of English, University of
Southern California, Los Angeles,
California 90007, USA.

Libertine Lit

Sir—(With reference to my previous letter (February 18) concerning early allusions to pornographic works in England, I have now discovered a citation of "Aretines pictures" unattested in *Volpone*. Donne's *Satire IV* 69 contains the assertion that: "... Aretines pictures have made few chaste." W. Milgate in his edition of *The Satires, Epigrams and Prose Letters* (Oxford, 1967) is able to convincingly date this *Satire* between March and September, 1597, i.e. ten years before Jonson's allusion.

ANTHONY EDWARDS.
Department of English, University of
Victoria, Victoria, British Columbia,
Canada.

Nelson

Sir—Grateful though I am for your kindly approval of my *Nelson the Commander* (May 12), I ask to be allowed to refute your reviewer's suggestion that my publisher's jacket blurb is not justified in describing my work as the first full-length study by a professional naval officer since Mahan. "However 'full length' is defined", he writes, "Mark Kerr (1932), William James (1948) and Russell Greentell (1949) are undoubtedly professional sea officers, and

their books were undoubtedly full length." Not so. To cite, for brevity, only one of these naval authors, Captain Greentell's *Horatio Nelson* is limited to some 35,000 words compared with my 120,000. More important, and before your reviewer compares my length with Mahan's 300,000 words, Greentell's book is sub-titled: "A short biography."

GEOFFREY BENNETT.
33 Argyle Road, London W8 7DA.

Dominion of Canada

Sir—In your review of J. R. Harper's *Early Publishers and Engravers in Canada* (March 24) you speak of the British public being made aware that "the former Dominion had produced a number of writers of some merit". Last July 1, we celebrated 104 years of Dominion status in the Commonwealth. To my knowledge, no revolutions have occurred since then to change that status. But wait. Ottawa has recently decided that the word "Royal" will no longer appear on (former) Royal Canadian Mounted Police vehicles. April 9, pent-être, le déluge!

G. MORTON PATERSON.
Department of Philosophy, Laurentian
University, Sudbury, Ontario,
Canada.

Strahan and Churchill

Sir—In your reviewer's pleasant account of *John Nichols: Minor Lives* edited by Edward L. Hart (April 21), William Strahan is described as "not only one of the greatest publishers ever to flourish in this country, but the first of the calling ever to sit in Parliament". Mr Strahan was, according to Nichols, born in 1715; whereas Ainsworth Churchill was MP for Dorchester between 1705 and 1710. Churchill began as a publisher in London in about 1680, and he was second perhaps only to the Tophams in being the greatest publisher of his time.

TERRY BELANGER.
School of Library Science, Columbia
University, New York, NY 10027,
USA.

Lagopus Scoticus

Sir—In his kind commentary on *The Storm Petrel and the Owl of Athena* (May 5) your reviewer asks whether my statement that there is not a single species of bird exclusive to the British Isles means that I have "never heard of a grouse: *Lagopus scoticus*". K. H. Vonnus, in his *Atlas of European Birds* (London, 1960, page 79), writes that he is "in agreement with the opinion of

most modern authors" that *L. scoticus* is, in fact, the same species as *L. lagopus*, which is circumpolar in the Northern Hemisphere.

LOUIS J. HALLIE.
Institut Universitaire de Hautes
Études Internationales, 132 rue de Lau-
sanne, Geneva 21, Switzerland.

'Prelude to Modern Europe'

Sir—Your reviewer of Sir Llewellyn Woodward's *Prelude to Modern Europe 1815-1914* (May 19) states that the preface is dated October, 1971. In my copy, the hardbound issue, it is dated Oxford 1971.

PETER T. SCOTT
6 Cranleigh Gardens, Sandstead,
South Croydon, Surrey CR2 9LD.

Mortal Coils

Sir—The other night I awakened to find myself repeating Shakespeare's most famous soliloquy, and when I got to "shuffled off this mortal coil", I exclaimed: "What does it mean?" It kept me awake till I realized that the image was of the butterfly emerging from struggling off the chrysalis, as the soul after death from the body. When morning came I consulted the New Cambridge and New Variorum editions, found that they had the sense of "coil" as body but had not anticipated me in relating this to the chrysalis. This of course fits with the reference in the earlier soliloquy to the "too too solid (7) flesh".

CLIFFORD LEECH.
Department of English, University
College, University of Toronto, Toronto
5, Canada.

John Jorrocks

Sir—In his first public speech as Master of Foxhounds, John Jorrocks, a Dane, to Copenhagen, brandy and Dundee innumerate (*Hauldred Cross*, 1854).

We all know about Dundee marmalade, but what was Copenhagen brandy? CYRIL RAY.
Delmonde Manor, Hawkehurst, Kent.

On Show in America

Sir—May I correct a misstatement in the article "On show in America" printed in your issue of May 5? The 1971 exhibition of Mr Seymour Adelstein's collection of Ralph Hodgson was held, under the care of Dr Nedra Westlake, in the rare book department of the library of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

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CORRESPONDENT

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To the Editor

The State of History in Canada

Sir—There is much that ails both Canadian universities and the teaching of history within them, but a sense of what this is has too easily eluded your correspondent (May 19). The impression we are offered is so erroneous that it would be rather dull were it not also so mischievous.

I would point out that a common method of teaching in Canadian universities, and I refer to students doing honours history over four years, is by the seminar method. These seminar classes, with adjunct lectures, are small in size and allow a faculty member, over the year, to discover the scholarly qualities of his students. Oral argument in seminars along with written work—which can exceed 10,000 words in each of his five courses, and which can be supplemented by a written examination—is the basis on which a student is

assessed for the year. This is not as inhuman or mechanistic as the three-hour competitive examination favoured by your correspondent. It is, perhaps, more demanding on faculty members, but it also makes a year-round demand on the student, as opposed to a final "exam".

One of the legacies of Canadian history as it has been taught, is illustrated by the fact that, despite the activities of the FIO, the caricature of the placid, non-violent and law-abiding Canadian still persists. It must be confessed that there has been "confrontation" between faculty and students in Canadian universities. Incidents at Sir George Williams and Simon Fraser come easily to mind. Canadian students, besides criticizing the values of their teachers and questioning the present function of the university in society, have sought for themselves a place in the government of that institution. The debate continues. An interim measure, which allows a role for student participation, satisfies neither of the parties concerned.

The problem of Americanism in Canadian universities does not stem from their "sense of guilt". Not only are most American academics unaware of a Canadian sociology, philosophy and literature, not to mention art, music and so on, but they will insist that no such thing exists. This attitude is not only unwelcome, but unfortunately coincides with that of the American businessman who, for some time, has been in the habit of assuming that the Forty-Ninth Parallel has ceased to have a significance to the people who reside to the north of it. Some faculty members at the University of Waterloo recently attempted to make the taking of courses with a Canadian content compulsory. Regrettable, yes, but understandable surely in a country where the remnants of a Canadian culture often appear to be the concern only of a few academics fighting a rear-guard action against the American entrepreneur—of both an academic and non-academic variety.

Your correspondent seems at the question of "relevance" and yet points to an emphasis on Ukrainian history at Edmonton. He might also have noted the offering of Icelandic studies at Manitoba. Indian history at Sudbury, and Mennonite history at Waterloo, to mention but a few others. These subjects, one might assume, have a certain relevance to those ethnic groups and native peoples who live in the above-mentioned areas. Indeed, the recent foray by French-speaking Canadian historians into the realm of social history has received encouragement through the discovery by the Québécois of just how relevant their history was to contemporary problems.

Canadian history was for too long a variation on a theme of "Great Lives", the oft-quoted soliloquy of "Was everyone a member of Parliament then?"—indicates its primitiveness; and one reason for its demise in public schools. Besides, one could argue that teaching social studies to children aged from five to twelve, and all with some kind of historical consciousness, might help to break down those rigid disciplinary barriers and lead to a generation of

students more acutely aware of the full scope of possibilities available for studying the history of changing human relationships. We may then be able to advance beyond those sterile contributions which litter the pages of the *Canadian Historical Review*, each carefully treading its own way, never embarking on debate, but existing only as examples of that peculiar insularity which is a characteristic of Canadian history.

Then, too, perhaps this new generation of historians will bring to their discipline a greater concern for the assessment of evidence than that displayed by your correspondent, whose article was so patently based on gossip garnered from coffee-cup cliques and small talk exchanged over pink slips.

JOHN H. BATTYE.
Centre for the Study of Social History,
University of Warwick.

*Our Special Correspondent writes: No, no, not pink slips, Canadian Club, from Coast to Coast. I am sorry to hear from Mr Battye's letter that Canadian students have begun "questioning the present function of the university in society", because when translated, this means questioning academic values. All this fully confirms my worst fears, both about history in Canadian universities and about Mr Battye's own state of mind. Seminars are, of course, useful, though much less useful than the tutorial as employed in Oxford. But it is alarming to learn that assessment includes skill in debate and in oral performance. This would not only put a premium on the weary skills of the intellectual debater (of the American type); it would tend to sacrifice history to theory. Nor do I agree that the Oxford type of Final Examination is a "crisis". Pupils are not crammed for it; they make their own way; and it is, indeed, the most completely fair (and democratic) form of examination. Mr Battye, who is at present in Warwick, will have had ample opportunity to study the limitations of assessment.

I am delighted that Indian, Icelandic and Mennonite history is being catered for; but am sorry to hear that Canadian students are not as sensible as they appeared to me to be. I agree with your correspondent that my view of the university scene was only a superficial one. At least he appears to agree with me about the problem of American colonialization.

Finally, I am very glad indeed to learn from him that, let us say, the study of seventeenth-century Intendants of New France, or that of the seigneurial system during the same period, are in fact relevant to the current problems of the Québécois. There seems to be hope for history after all, if it is relevant to be given such a broad historical context.

My article may have been mischievous. No doubt it is mischievous to suggest that "academic" standards matter and that universities are either places of learning or nothing at all.

Edward Young

Sir—Your reviewer rightly comments on the fresh biographical material unearthed by Professor Peter the editor of Edward Young's correspondence (April 14). However, the absence of surviving letters between March 1, 1720, and May 3, 1723, has

left in obscurity one aspect of Young's career on which Dr Johnson and others have speculated. Some new documents may help to clarify this.

Boswell reports a visit on June 2, 1781, to the home of the poet's son at Welwyn. "Mr Young mentioned an anecdote, that his father had received several thousand pounds of subscription-money for his *Universal Passion*, but had lost it in the South-Sea. Dr Johnson thought this must be a mistake; for he had never seen a subscription-book." Johnson was right, for not only was the *Universal Passion* not published by subscription, but it did not appear until 1725-28, long after the Bubble of 1720. None the less W. Thomas in his standard life of Young thought there was something in the story. ("Johnson" releva l'erreur de Dr. Young, qu'un examen des dates amène à constater, mais H. Croft [in the life of Young] he contributed to Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, et le fait que l'écritain eut si souvent besoin de recourir à la générosité du due [Wharfedale] prouve qu'il y a quelque vérité dans ce récit.")

The subscription books of the South Sea Company in the House of Lords Record Office cast light on this for they show an Edward Young subscribing £1,000, £500 and £1,000 to the Company's first three money subscriptions of 1720. This Edward Young cannot, of course, be positively identified as the poet, but in the PRO (SP 35/22/107) is a list headed "For the new subscription Aug. 1720", and among the fifteen names which follow is "Mr Edward Young of Oxford (1000)". The new money subscription referred to is the fourth money subscription of August 24, and the list must be private one since official lists were not published for the fourth subscription. The issue price of the fourth list (of the third) was £1,000, the highest point reached by the stock which had under £50. Young almost certainly did lose money in the Bubble, though as Johnson suspected it had nothing to do with the publication of his satire.

J. M. TREADWELL.
J. P. W. ROGERS.
King's College, University of London.

White Australia

Sir—Your reviewer of Joe Harris's *The Bitter Fight* (January 29) can scarcely be blamed for repeating the concept relayed abroad for decades by Australian historians of "the major role played by the labour movement in establishing and supporting this [White Australia] policy." Revisionist challenge to the sanctified legend of labour authorship is essential. One legend tends to weaken the struggle against racial prejudice in an Australian labour movement tardily casting off bad habits.

Deeper attention might be given to Sir James Stephen as a founding father of the White Australia policy rather than to migrant gold-miners resentfully contemplating "profitable" Chinese in tin dishes at Ballarat and Bendigo, or to manual workers' easy about-face to the sanctified legend of labour authorship. Particularly Asian competition in an uncertain labour market. In his *White Australia* (1970-1971), Stephen, the

Permanent Under-Secretary of State, with having virtually governed the colony for over twenty years (Kinnear, Stephen, *My Own Country*, 1964), was a leading figure in the fight against White minority rule. Stephen, who was a member of the British and Irish aristocracy, should be reserved for the role of a "waste lands of the colonial British—land that reflected racial and imperialist doctrines, linked to the Church Missionary Society and for 'heathens'."

Stephen's insistence that Australia was a British preserve was consistent with his pretension to impose when it was his duty to prevent settler extermination of the aboriginal. ("It is impossible to discover a method by which the impending catastrophe, namely, the elimination of the black race, can be averted." *Stephen* (Glenn) on April 25, 1881.)

This was one side of King Stephen's White Australia policy: acceptance of the white sheep and plough. The other side of the coin was the fight against the "heathens" of the Pacific. Stephen's plan by certain means to induce Indian labour. "There is a great deal of talk about a place for the English race shall be spread by sea to sea unmixled with any black caste." In rejecting an 1843 move to induce Indian labour, Stephen, to Stanley, denigrated later plagiarized by the Australian labour movement and Henry Lawson:

They would debate by their mixture the noble European with the lowly native. They would introduce caste into the ranks of the labouring men. They would introduce the habits of the idolatry and the habits of their country. They would beat down the wages of the labouring Europeans until they became wholly dependent on the rich—the opposite state of affairs, namely, the dependence of the poor, being the highest of all of society wherever it exists. They would cut off the resources of our distressed people.

The Colonial Secretary commented: "I am sorry to hear that Stephen and Stanley have been in that, amid the stews and clubs of the Sydney Town, were the Europeans." The judges have been debased by a few Indians."

The White Australia Policy, in its statutory form, originated with Stephen in the Colonial Office. It was a policy of labour and immigration waves ensured acceptance among workers and craft industries' owners who feared competition. Additionally, the Australian labour movement had a natural reluctance to accept a policy of labour and immigration waves ensured acceptance among workers and craft industries' owners who feared competition. Additionally, the Australian labour movement had a natural reluctance to accept a policy of labour and immigration waves ensured acceptance among workers and craft industries' owners who feared competition.

African Liberation Movements

Your reviewer raises some interesting questions for the historian of Africa in his discussion (May 19) of my book, *African Liberation Movements*, but seems rather to have the point that the book is indeed what he thinks it ought to have been. It is the first comprehensive history of African organizations fighting against White minority rule. While he may already be familiar with events that make up what he calls as a "dreary tale", many outside, and even within, Africa

Commentary

hours! And we now have the first massive contribution in E. Dean Bevan's *A Concordance to the Plays and Prefaces of Bernard Shaw* (Ten Volumes, 6,688pp. Detroit: Gale Research Company, 1972). This covers all of the major plays and their prefaces, supplies ample contexts, is competent and correct. The enterprise has suffered two disadvantages, however, which would have been avoided by a few years' delay. The chosen text is the Constable edition published in the 1930s, and this is neither complete nor in print. The standard Shaw text for the foreseeable future will be the Bodley Head edition, now in the course of publication. Mr Dean Bevan also had the disadvantage of having to use the "key-punch" method, which involved him and "a whole host of key-punchers" in thousands of hours of labour in a comparatively slow, clumsy and expensive process, open to error and therefore demanding constant proof-reading. The whole job would have been done better in a few years' time using the *Bodley Head* Shaw and the technique of optical scanning.

No one, apparently, has yet undertaken these hazy reckonings, but the will did elicit some positive response despite vigorous legal obstruction. A new alphabet was finally designed and it is now ten years since the publication of *Androcles and the Lion* in parallel form, one page having the text of the play in what Shaw called "the ancient 26 letter Phoenician alphabet at present in use" and the opposite page having the line-for-line equivalent in the Shaw alphabet. To mark the tenth anniversary there is a display of a few documents in Reading University Library. Put together without much ambition or enthusiasm, this tiny gesture seems to invite the neglect which is being lavished on it in its little corner. Entitled "George Bernard Shaw and the Alphabet", the display is on show until June 29.

Shaw talked a lot of sense about spelling-reform, though his developed talent was for making sense look like nonsense. He was never guilty of talking sense carelessly in a remote corner of a library, however, and his puns had some positive as well as negative effects. We are no longer incapable of making radical change. We have modified our currency, and there are very great advantages to be gained from reforming spelling. The case for change should be made regularly, forcefully, and audibly; not always with the strident tone of a licensed jester, but not self-effacingly with only half of a heart.

Shaw would also have loved the idea of a complete concordance made by computer. What a saving in man-

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The Plays

Edited by L. A. Beaurline

304pp. £3.15.

Clarendon Press; Oxford University Press.

EARL MINER:

The Cavalier Mode from Jonson to Cotton

333pp. Princeton University Press.
London: Oxford University Press.
£3.25.

"I like Suckling," says Thomas Clayton, introducing what is clearly a definitive edition of his poems and letters. There are forty letters and short of a hundred poems, most of them lyrics. L. A. Beaurline, who in a second volume has edited three plays and a sketchy fourth, admits that "none of them is a good play by our standards." They were, however, very well thought of in their time. Suckling so charmed his contemporaries and his immediate successors that after his death they swept together what they could of his literary remains under the title *Fragmenta Aurea*. The nature of this posthumous publication has set an editorial problem to which Mr Clayton and Mr Beaurline have devoted much skill and the Clarendon Press much printed paper. There is also a generous commentary, mostly a cross-referencing of Suckling's work, for he was a great borrower from himself. It is all so meticulously and thoroughly done that it will be many years before it is challenged.

What then does it all amount to? An unusual talent squandered. Suckling was an original. He was also a spendthrift. Literature to him was a part of living and not a bid for immortality. His poetry has a unique immediacy and we forgive its carelessness because of its compensating truth, a tolerant, humorous,

detached truth, that looks at the old Petrarchan verities and the modish neo-platonic raptures with the eyes of a cultivated man of the world and an acknowledgment of the sensual norm.

What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick

We up he wound
No matter what the hand or tick.

He points up the less palatable truths about love, and cheerfully salvages something from the disillusion. One note that is never heard from the author of "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" is the pulling white.

Suckling's quasi-unitarian pamphlet, *An Account of Religion by Reason*, dedicated to the Earl of Dorset in a characteristically off-hand manner, shows the speculative and unorthodox intelligence that underpins his reputation as a wit. A belief in God is placed outside particular creeds. "That there is a Deity . . . the whole world hath been so eager to embrace, that rather than it would have none at all, it hath too often been contented with a very mean one."

The contribution Suckling made to the sour and snarling satire of the period was literary and not political. "The Wits", otherwise known as "A Session of the Poets", has an indubitable principle of life in it, all the more potent for its air of improvisation. It smells of drink and tobacco smoke and candle-grease. Once launched, it provoked a long series of imitations. So did the better loved "Ballad upon a Wedding", an entirely successful instance of a highly sophisticated poet affecting unsophistication. It was ultimately abandoned as a model just as "The Wits" was abandoned, because it belongs very specially to its own milieu. This is not to say that we don't enjoy it: it is exquisite, but we don't attempt to repeat it or anything like it.

Each of these is a striking work in its own right, yet they appear as floats on the tide of time. It would be pleasant to be able to say that Suckling found himself in his

plays, that there his many gifts coalesced. But like the rest of his work the plays are curiously fragmentary: ill-constructed, steeped in Shakespeare, pastoralism, lyricism and romantic disguises. They are composed in the dragging broken-backed blank verse of the mid-century, and must have said something to their first audiences that they do not say to us. Pops enjoyed them, Dryden approved. Presumed now, with excellent textual apparatus, they cry out for interpretation. The constant re-emphasizing of themes already used in the lyrics suggests that they are quintessential Suckling. But perhaps he was just squandering.

Suckling speaks, if ever a poet did, in the language of ordinary men: Milamant's "easy, natural Suckling". He is gifted but not dedicated, ironical and not acid, capable of excellence without apparent effort, and except in small and perfect lyrics never doing as well as he could. He was extravagant in every sense, with his genius and with his money. He could have written more and written better if he had taken more care and had had more time. He sat too long at the gaming-tables, winning and losing fortunes, more often losing. He raised a troop of royalist horse and killed them out with scarlet coats and plumed hats, rousing high expectations, but his service in the field was notable only for a sensible caution, easy to dub cowardice. He would have done better to have stuck to grey. His plot to rescue the king by force of arms was a failure and he had to flee to France. There he faced the comfortable fate he had so long been envying. He was, at last, totally without resources. He chose a realist's way out. The inefficient pharmacopoeia of the day robbed his exit by poison of physical dignity but his reputation was not sullied. Would any period other than the Restoration have picked Suckling as its Golden Boy? But it is impossible not to like him.

R must be admitted Earl Miner

does not like him; at least not as a man. For the cavaliers as poets he has an endless fund of sympathy and admiration. His book is based on a wide knowledge both of the poets he is describing and of those from whom he wishes to discriminate them. He is at ease also with their classical sources. Finally, and best of all, given his scholarly equipment, he enjoys them. He offers us posts as little read as Cotton, as little valued in recent criticism as Herrick and Waller, and without wasting time on rehabilitation and pleas of relevance he indicates their place in the history of English poetry and forcefully transmits their power to delight. Mr Miner's theoretical discrimination is between the private mode of the metaphysicals, the public mode of Milton and Dryden, and what he calls "the social mode" of the cavaliers. His book, however, is not at all doctrinaire and he feels his way as well as arguing it. He knows his subjects because he is at home with them, and home, though he does not choose to expatiate on it as a cavalier theme, is an essential part of the social mode, whether it is reflected in Jonson's stately "To Penshurst" or in Herrick's "glittering chimney" and "friendly Larre".

The things that matter to the cavaliers, as Mr Miner points out, are not particularly transcendent things. They prefer order to disorder because life is pleasant that way, though they do not care for regimentation. Their mood is relaxed. They want to be comfortable with their mistresses. They devise remedies against the intrusions of time and ruin. They put a high value on friendship. They are not concerned either with private ecstasy or with public assertion, but with what Mr Miner calls *vita bona* and *vita beata*: a way of life which is both happy and right. Their outlook is very Horatian, and it has "its own kind of transcendence, not of the kind that flies clear out of this world, but of the kind in which individual character rises above time, fortune, and adversity".

Their circumstances were often adverse. Consider Suckling. But Mr

Miner will not countenance simple and sociological an account of their sense of transcendence as failure of their cause and the fiction of their way of life. They have a note which has been continuous literature "between Cicero and Cotton". He admits, however, their praise of country places owes something to the political sures that drove them into a moment they none the less truly enjoyed, being a singularly honest man. Mr Miner admits that he has a difficult. What he values in a psychological truth, its power to transmute real experience into that Charles's court had any philosophy worthy of the "platonic" he strenuously denies. The place to look for platonicism is the epistles and addresses to friends. The precision of the amours drove the poets to "platonicism".

Mr Miner's book is both simple and sensible, witty and sympathetic. One might take issue with some very minor points of explanation. In Waller's poem "James's Park" the "new song" is not "the new song" but the birds just strutting into flight by the intrusive whom Waller rather grandly calls "the Wanton Song". Whether in truth their "assembly in the air" is an image of the as a meeting place is anyone's guess. Mr Miner's aversion to Rick's "affirmation of 'pains' the hinds in 'The Hoe-cart'" to depend rather too much on association of pain with suffering rather than with taking pains, tinging some zest and energy into it. And that this pleasure is like mine. Not only ye for to drowse your pain. Put far to make it spring again, would be horrid sentimentality if it were a threat. The poem is saying "Drink today, because tomorrow you must work." It is "Drink today and you will work the worse but all the better for it tomorrow." It is an attitude which is rational, poetic and humane. It is cavalier.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Life with the stars

JOHN KANIN:
Tracy and Hepburn
Angus and Robertson. £3.25.

MARGARET RUTHERFORD:
Richard Burton
Autobiography as told to Gwen
W. H. Allen. £3.

MELOUSSO:
plus 47 photographs. W. H.
Allen. £2.25.

People who would not actually pay good money to see the films of stars and other colourful personalities of cinema world will still be ready to read their life stories, as they read gossip-column accounts of their private lives and antics in the popular Sunday papers. The whole thing takes on a quality—rather abstract quality—rather than the latest incarnation of the major Hollywood studios as tourist attractions of industrial archaeology, now actual film-making in them is a thing of the past.

And of course the films these days—at any rate the Hollywood films, with all its associations—have become very much a stamping-ground. It is a stamping-ground of the present. It is a stamping-ground of the past. It is a stamping-ground of the future. It is a stamping-ground of the present. It is a stamping-ground of the past. It is a stamping-ground of the future.

Mr Kanin's book on Tracy and Hepburn is particularly disappointing in this respect. After all, his was a professional association with them—with his wife, Ruth Gordon, he wrote two of their biggest successes: *Adam's Rib* and *Pai and Mike*. He also knew both of them very well personally, and should be able to come up with something like a full-length portrait of two of the most remarkable and individual figures in the history of Hollywood, as well as elucidating their long, half-private relationship. After all, Mr Kanin's book on Somerset

PETER UNDERWOOD:
Horror Man
The Life of Boris Karloff
238pp. Leslie Frewin. £2.85.

JOHN COTTELL and FERGUS CASHIN:
Richard Burton
376pp. plus 16 pages of photographs.
Arthur Barker. £2.50.

JOE HYAMS:
Bogie
219pp. plus 67 photographs. W. H.
Allen. £2.25.

one that neither knows nor cares very much about the people or their work, and asks merely to be pleasantly diverted by interesting tales of personalities as remote and fictional as the heroes of ancient myth. But few actors have led lives which, divorced from their work on screen, are sufficiently picturesque and action-packed to enable their professional careers to be left out altogether; and so the unavoidable minimum of detail about all that tends to be slipped in apologetically, in passing—probably too much of it to please the gossip-seekers, and yet too little to satisfy those genuinely in search of information and illumination.

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Maugham was in many ways a model of tactful revelation and personal observation lifted above the level of gossip by the taste and intelligence brought to bear on it. *Tracy and Hepburn* seems very scrappy and hurried, made up largely of brief "point" anecdotes which are not sufficiently pointed to stand by themselves in this way. And despite the author's long familiarity with his subjects, the book contains hardly anything that could not have been put together by any reasonably competent contributor to a fan magazine, collecting from published interviews, Tracy obituaries and hearsay. The book is readable, of course, and contains some moments of memorable strangeness, like Tracy confiding to Kanin that, had he not married his own wife, he would have liked most in the world to have married Kanin.

Margaret Rutherford's as-told-to autobiography is also easy, unchallenging reading, but in its own quiet way rather more revealing. The late Dame Margaret takes us chit-chatting through her professional career, from her late start to her status as an English institution; she has pleasant, if seldom very revealing, things to say about most of the people she worked with, from Chaplin down. But also she does not skirt the more difficult passages of her life (and there have been many more than one might suppose). For example she deals straightforwardly and honestly with the extraordinary episode in which her "adopted son", Gordon Langley Hall, changed sex to become her "adopted daughter" Dawn Peppit.

Dame Margaret's life was, needless to say, very different from that of Darryl Zanuck, fabled "last tycoon" and Hollywood storm centre for something like fifty years. Mel Gussow's biography is full of Zanuck's legendary battles with stars and directors, and of his famous affairs with a series of French actresses. It tends to use words like "showmanship" for their talismanic quality, without ever getting down to defining what Zanuck's showmanship was all about, or even, really, what exactly he had to do with the innumerable films he supervised or produced, or had made at Twentieth Century-Fox under his general rule. It is evident enough that he was at times the sort of producer who leaves his own personal mark on his films: *The Longest Day* may presumably be accounted his film in the same way that *Gone With the Wind* was Selznick's. But it would be interesting to know more precisely how he worked with directors who had their

own unmistakable personalities, like Ford, Mamoulian and Munkiewicz. Peter Underwood's biography of Boris Karloff is a quiet, tasteful, fairly well-documented account of the life of a self-effacing, well-mannered, very English gentleman whose private life had little or nothing in common with the gruesome roles he so often played on screen. Indeed, since Karloff (born William Pratt in Camberwell) was virtually the model of the man whose life was almost entirely taken up with his work, while his private life remained private because it was so happily uneventful, the book has to be almost entirely about his films. Here Mr Underwood is not always very critical, in praise or blame, but he does make the necessary points about Karloff's excellence and variety as an actor, so that even within the horror genre he always managed to give his material depth by sheer power of creative imagination.

By contrast, *Richard Burton and Bogie* both deal with actors who have achieved some notoriety as hellraisers in addition to their fame as screen stars. We know where we are right away with the first sentence of *Richard Burton*: "Richard Burton flourished a vodka bottle and cried 'It's St David's Day!'" Halfway down the page we have got to: "Come on then, love," said to: "Richard, show us your bum." And Liz flipped her derriere with all the gay naughtiness of a Moulin Rouge can-can dancer. Fair warning, one might say: we are in Roderick Mann country, where everyone is as bright and breezy, free and easy, fit as a fiddle and ready for love. In the circumstances it would be idiotic to object that the book contains no serious assessment of the development, or decline, as the case may be, of his talent since he virtually abandoned the stage for the screen. But in its own flashy way the book is fun, if you are sufficiently interested.

Joe Hyams's life of Bogart is not really much more serious, or informative, but being the "authorized biography", with an introduction by Bogart's widow, it is a deal staid, even verging at times on the sentimental. It is doubtful whether this can be regarded as an improvement, but some of the early photographs of Bogart in his pretty-boy days, when he tended to play smooth socialites on Broadway, provide a salutary surprise for anyone who may have supposed that his rugged roughneck characterizations were merely the result of obvious typecasting.

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Between the rational and the irrational

UWE SCHWEIKERT (Editor):

Ludwig Tieck: Dichter über ihre Dichtungen

Volume 1: 361pp.

Volume 2: 361pp.

Volume 3: 399pp.

Munich: Helmholtz, DM 28 each (paperback, DM 18 each).

Tieck has been unlucky. One of the leaders of the Romantic movement in Germany, a friend of Novalis and the Schlegels, he lived on until past the middle of the nineteenth century, refusing to repeat his earlier successes, writing stories in a new vein that could not be labelled Romantic—some of which, indeed, criticized the excesses of Romantic mood-painting and terror-mongering both explicitly and implicitly. The later Tieck, in fact, allowed greater prominence only to what had been there from the first: a rationalist, matter-of-fact strain which had always coexisted with the fascination that, the terrible, and "strangeness" of all kinds, held for him. He could never be easily labelled: indeed, he was a mystery to himself, and one of his attempts at

fathoming that mystery—his surprise that he was over-receptive to whatever currents of thought happened to be in the air—was taken at face value by the most influential nineteenth-century historian of the German Romantic movement, Rudolf Haym.

Haym's unsympathetic account of Tieck, based on his conviction that there was something not quite genuine, something reach-me-down and second-hand about Tieck's art, was largely responsible for the failure of the great collectors, sifters, burrowers and editors of nineteenth-century Germany to turn their attention to his work. As a result we now have no critical edition—not even a complete edition of any kind—of Tieck's writings. Though many of Tieck's letters have been catalogued by an American scholar, Edwin H. Zeydel, there is no complete edition of his correspondence. Tieck's conversations and encounters have never been systematically collected. There is no complete Tieck bibliography. Many of the papers he left behind at his death still slumber undisturbed in Berlin's Staatsbibliothek.

It is against this background that Uwe Schweikert's three-volume collection of Tieck's comments on his own writings shines so brightly. It cannot be a complete record, for there is so little scholarly work to build on; but the editor has gone to all available printed sources and has supplemented these by a few documents not published before. Among such documents is a fascinating "work-book" which shows some of the ways in which the later Tieck tried to discipline himself into writing three or four books at once, rigidly parceling out his time—a regime doomed to failure, doomed to be frustrated by the other Tieck, the work-shy, melancholy, ennuiridden genius whose personality comes through strongly in the letters, prefaces and conversations here brought together.

Five facts emerge clearly from Schweikert's compilation. First, that although Tieck was never a systematic thinker, he did have coherent and logically developing views on literature and life which can bring much-needed illumination to his practice as an author from the end of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. The label "Romantic" may be misleading here: Tieck's art and his philosophy of life depended precisely on a battle, a search for equilibrium, between rationalist and irrationalist interpretations of experience, feelings and moods. Secondly, that Tieck himself consistently refused to adopt the term *romantisch* as a description of what was specific to the contribution he, Novalis and the Schlegels had made to German literature; *romantisch* for him, as for Goethe, was in the main a synonym for *poetisch*. Thirdly, that part of the reason why Tieck's art

developed as it did was his dislike of what later disciples, imitators and literary property developers made of his early work. His comments on Fouquet, for instance, are uniformly hostile, nor did he find much to admire in the writings of Arnim, Brentano and Zacharias Werner.

Fourthly, these documents show that throughout his long life he had one constant preoccupation, which entered into nearly everything he did and thought: the life and work of Shakespeare. Shakespeare's treatment of the supernatural, particularly in *The Tempest*, encouraged him to try experiments of his own in tales and plays. *Pericles* (a particular favourite) showed him ways of mingling the epic and the dramatic which he tested out in *Genoveva* and elsewhere. Shakespeare's realism, his creation of living characters within a sharply apprehended natural world, encouraged the more realistic turn Tieck himself took in his later writings. Shakespeare's life is at the centre of Tieck's own favourite among his later works, *Dichterleben*. His one-man recitals of Shakespeare's plays were justly famous; he superintended the translation of those of Shakespeare's plays which August Wilhelm Schlegel had failed to tackle, thus coupling his own name with that of Schlegel in the celebrated "Schlegel-Tieck" version; and the project of a full biographical and critical study of Shakespeare occupied him for some fifty years, though he never felt himself quite ready for the task. Lastly, this collection shows up clearly not only the unity and consistency of Tieck's development, but also his many-sidedness: the tasks on which we see him engaged, and on which we can now read his comments, include

not only original work in most of the major forms, from the lyric to the novel, but also voluminous criticism (particularly on drama and the stage), translations from Spanish and English, and important editions of such major authors as Lenz, Novalis and Kleist.

The editor of this useful set does his work well. He not only gives us the documents, collected from many sources and carefully arranged; he also includes a by-year chronicle of Tieck's life, an index of names, works mentioned and literary-critical concepts, as well as some helpful explanatory notes. Only in this last respect may the reader feel, on occasions, that he has been let down. What is he to do with this last respect mentioned in this passage, for instance, without editorial comment of his kind?

Alles was ist, ist, sagt Goethe, mit Recht. (Eigentlich der Kaiser von Prag, ein gelehrter Scholastiker.) Why Goethe? And who is Hermit of Prague? A writer of people's kind? A reference to *Die Nacht* (IV, 2) would soon have cleared up the mystery and—tally—revealed a literary joke: for Peste knows one thing of the Hermit of Prague besides his saying "That the ink is"; he "never saw pen and ink".

The Contrived Corridor by M. Gross—202pp. University of Michigan Press (AUPG). £1.15—another panoptic American view of this time dealing with how the art of history, or awareness of the affects certain modern writers: Malraux, Mann, and others. Gross juggles metaphysics and history skilfully, but intimations of life are hard to shake off.

The Art of Political Deception

CHARLES NAPPER

A diagnosis of the sorry spectacle of modern political life, interpreted in the light of history.

"Advanced" political and economic theorising are shown as primitive magic disguised as logic.

Johnson Publications

11/14 Stanhope Mews West, London, S.W.1



balance have been superior means, in terms of the national welfare, to those employed by private industry has been the central thesis of this book.

This is healthy stimulation. Why, one wonders, shouldn't we "converge" to British communism overnight? But that antipathetic sentence of Mr Pryke's book counsels caution. Isn't the Prince still missing from the play? Why only our "nationalized industries" (and not the rest, the bulk of the public sector which is non-productive)? Which services' real "profits" spread over what others, and how "thinly"? "Superior means" how measured; and how is the national welfare measured; and how is private enterprise's contribution to national welfare measured? The bulk of the public sector engaged in "admin" and in redistributing wealth created elsewhere (14 or 15 per cent of the national income created by the public sector's productive agencies, 85 to 86 per cent by the private sector) is not composed of any "nationalized industries" and has no measurable "profitability" at all, nor ever can have: it is all drain, all "cost" on the remainder (public plus private). The critical issue remains: how far can you push the non-productive bulk of the public sector at the private sector's cost, and maintain (let alone advance) the average material standard of life, including leisure and environment and all else (measurable in money terms or not)? Full employment, redistribution of wealth, relief of the needy—can be realized in any true sense only from a more, not less, profitable private sector.

At least Mr Pryke is emphatically right on a cardinal point: it isn't economically sound, in public as in private enterprise, to expand the measurably loss-making activities, to

mis-invest or mis-apply scarce resources of capital and manpower. It has always been recognized as wrong in the private sector where, until now, penalties—e.g. the case of Kulk-Royce—have always inexorably caught up with the perpetrators of such economic error. That resources are scarce for Americans and Russians alike, and for all others developed or developing, in relation to the totality of public demands upon them is being painfully realized everywhere, despite (or perhaps because of) the advances of technology as well as the demands of human beings for preservation of their familiar environments. Ownership, management and administration of "all the means of production, distribution and exchange" by the public sector can be no guarantee of material, environmental benefit to the citizenry. Quite the contrary, too, to judge from what has recently gone on in the public sectors of Britain, France, Italy, the United States, not to mention Spain and Greece and Canada. The blunt truth is that, to match the world's explosive population increase and humanity's equally explosive demands for goods and services, material "growth"—not just maintenance of present standards—must stand at a premium (in the concern of all governments) for as far as any of us can peer into the twenty-first century.

To stunt or prune the private sector in order to bail out or subsidize loss-makers, and thus to maintain or create unproductive jobs and to waste capital while expanding this public loss-making sector, does not just spell for Britain and like countries stable economic systems, steady jobs, assured standards of consumption. It spells the growing enervated leisure of unemployment, it savers'

investors' strike, and—whether full employment at any standards of pay, inflation, or real consumption can be enforced by the state or not—invariably falling standards of living. These can only be borne in Britain if the state then reimposes the deadening equality of rationing and sumptuary taxation. This cannot be put through save in two ways: by a coalition of parties, logical because of their strange complicity of policy; or by dictatorship. And runaway inflation leads thither, too.

That this, again, is not alarmist, nor even confined to Britain as a discussable possibility, can be gauged from the present disillusion, disappointment about new investment, and open disillusion in Sweden, that the public sector is still profit-freezing, dwindling profitability, stagnant investment and unprecedented social unrest (see *Financial Times* special supplement of April 10, 1972, and *The Economist*, April 29, 1972, "Do Price Controls Work?"). One need scarcely add the convulsions and tergiversations of American or French policies in this same context of prices and profits versus wages and salaries, of public versus private sectors, and of inflation versus social stability. As in so much else, what is alarming in our British context is that we are carrying these policies to far more dangerous pitches than other countries: hence our sickness. Perhaps low-bidding countries like Britain can enforce them more successfully for a while also; this may be a great disadvantage if the result is to cause so large a cut in profit margins that there is then an investment recession" (*The Economist* article cited above). For Britain there can be no comfort in the doctrine of convergence between so-called communism and capitalism.

Nor can convergence do what

is wanted by so many people. Nor is it true that private enterprise must inevitably grow into bigger and fewer units, in which the managements, efficiency measures and profit-and-loss-making approximate more and more to those in the public sector (mainly statutory monopolies). Over the past two or three years in Britain the trends in use of manpower and in new investment in the two sectors have been in opposite directions. In the United States—materially the most efficient economy on earth producing for all Americans on average standards of living and leisure and longevity the envy of most of the peoples in the world—the private sector is still profitably growing. It can finance a parallel growing public sector (now coping with environmental and urban problems) and still clock up rising average material standards for consumers. The list of other Western nations doing likewise and bypassing Britain is tedious.

Logically, therefore, the doctrine of convergence doesn't hold water. Politically—that is, emotionally—it may well for Britain: static, lagging, steadily surpassed. If it does, of all men we would be the most miserable, for our outlook would be grimmer in both public and private sectors, since our economy is less viable than almost any other as a centralized

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Ball game

BY SEYMOUR:
The Golden Age 1903-
Oxford University Press.

Mr. Landner delighted to remind me that he is favourably mentioned in the book. And he is, indeed, still a minor sport in parts of the British status is no more than the status of the Philadelphia Phillies. The New York park is the influence of baseball on the United States outside the United States. As a spectator sport, baseball is less boring than cricket, except, oddly enough, in the runaway Leviathan. Do people know they are in the boat? Is the harpener equipped for the emergency? Would we show our behaviour if we could find, shown, a better basis for affirming our outlook would be grimmer in both public and private sectors, since our economy is less viable than almost any other as a centralized

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Of all this Mr Pottinger writes with the slightly astringent tone of one restraining his emotions. To Muirfield as a championship course he does his duty, but with less obvious pleasure. This year Muirfield, taking no more kindly to public stands and advertisements than a thoroughbred to a bridle and bit, will stage one of the world's biggest golf events, the British Open.

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